Beaver & Gephart

Bellefonte Republican

Established in 1869.} "Let us see to it that a Government, of the People, for the People, and by the People, shall not perish from the Earth."---A. LINCOLN. {Terms: $2.00 per annum

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Bellefonte Republican.
By EDWARD T. TUTEN.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—No communication published unless accompanied by the real name of the writer.

Correspondents should write upon but one side of the paper, and avoid the use of pale or fancy inks.

EDITORIAL BRIEFS.

WONDER if the press still indulges in too much "ghoulish glee" to suit President Cleveland?

THERE is a rumor that Chauncey Forward Black will succeed Sunset Cox as Minister to Turkey.

WIGGINS, the Canadian weather prophet, predicts that Cleveland will succeed himself as President.

MRS. CLEVELAND'S mother lives in "Oak View," the President's new cottage. He is very kind to his mother-in-law.

THERE is an Indian war in Dakota, but the settlers regard it with complacency. The Sioux and Crows are killing one another.

WE have met the enemy in Indiana and they are ours. Robertson, the Republican candidate for lieutenant governor, had 3,319 plurality.

WE hope the Connecticut Republicans will re elect General Hawley to the Senate. We believe him to be one of those rare productions—an honest man.

IF Attorney General Garland wishes to retire from his present position we suggest that he be recommended as a fit person for election to the throne of Bulgaria.

TWENTY-THREE murderers are in jail at San Francisco. Some of them have been there for years and will escape execution through the technicalities of the law.

PETER ENGLEHART, of Cincinnati, shot his wife last week because she was about to sue for a divorce. Peter has "hart" in his name, but he himself must be quite a heartless fellow.

THIRTEEN New York aldermen conspired to accept "boodle" for votes. Thirteen is an unlucky number, and those who have not reached the penitentiary are now on their way thither.

EMPEROR WILLIAM, of Germany, has been in the army 80 years and has not yet asked to be put on the retired list. He is 90 years of age and entered the army when 10 years old, being now at the head of it.

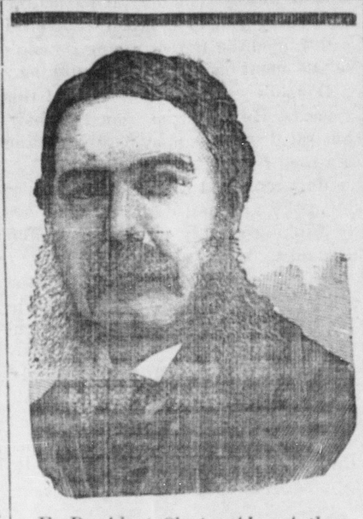
WE have been surprised by the fact that so few newspapers of this country, in announcing the death of ex-President Arthur, showed emblems of mourning in turned rules and other methods ordinarily used. Has this excellent and appropriate style of evincing sorrow fallen into disuse among newspapers?

THE report of Postmaster General Vilas, just made public, contains much that is interesting relating to the mail service of the country. Notwithstanding the reduction in the rates he is hopeful that the revenues of the current year will come within a small sum of paying the entire expenses of the department.

A CAREFUL computation of the number of lives lost in the gales on Lakes Superior and Michigan varies between thirty-five and forty. Thirty vessels are known to have been wrecked, but it is probable that not more than forty men of their crews fell victims to the blizzard and the engulfing seas. The money loss is in the neighborhood of a quarter of a million of dollars.

THE murderer Maxwell in St. Louis has succeeded in staying the execution of the death sentence until the court makes a thorough examination of the new points that have been raised in his case. Maxwell has been lucky in keeping the hangman at a distance, but the postponement cannot be kept up much longer. There is no likelihood that he will escape the punishment which he so justly deserves.

MR. CLEVELAND has displayed one notable instance of renunciation of civil service reform. He has reinstated M. E. Benton as district attorney of the western district of Missouri. Benton made ten or twelve partisan speeches. There was danger that all the Democrats in that intensely Democratic state would break away from their support of Cleveland if he continued Mr. Benton's dismissal, and consequently this important person was reinstated.



Ex-President Chester Alan Arthur.

Ex-President Arthur.

During the past year the Nation has been looking at ex-President Chester Alan Arthur with interest. With deep solicitude the people saw the once magnificent specimen of physical manhood languishing under disease, his superb figure becoming more and more attenuated, and the elastic spring of his movement grow slower and more halting as the happy appearance and bright color which betokened health faded from his countenance. The people saw this in their mind's eye as they read the newspaper correspondent's account of his declining health, and Arthur had the sympathy of a Nation. On last Thursday morning his final hold on life was relinquished and now his countrymen kneel in sorrow at his grave.

In many respects the deceased, whose body is now resting beneath the fresh sod, was the most notable among American presidents. No eulogist would represent him as faultless, but it is pleasant at this time to remember his graces of character and person.

When Garfield was prostrated by an assassin's bullet and was incapacited from carrying out a new and bold public policy the government was in a critical condition. Some men were affrighted by the dread emergency, the more so because the Vice President's ability was distrusted. Thus transferred from a position which is so often regarded as of little importance to the highest and most responsible in the world, he met the emergency like a hero, and his actions, under the circumstances, were indicative of all the energy and brilliancy that could be desired by anyone. He met the highest expectations, and to-day the name of Arthur is revered by 55,000,000 of people. Mr. Arthur was consistent and devoted in his affections and friendships. Such consistency as he manifested is agreeable to remember even if, in one instance, it did lead into imprudence of action.

Under the Arthur regime the Executive mansion revived in all the elegance and lavishness of its hospitality and brilliancy of its entertainments. A newspaper correspondent, in this connection, in making prominent this characteristic of the Arthur regime, has unjustly reflected upon preceding administrations. For instance, said Poole, there had too been much of western manners in the White House. This we must resent so far as Mrs. Hayes is concerned and so far as Poole's expression would imply that "western manners" are not as good as those of the East. Never were the affairs of the White House conducted with more delicacy and grace than by Mrs. Hayes. Arthur, however, the son of a minister, and himself reared carefully, was a true gentleman and exhibited all the delicacy, polish and tact that the most exacting would require, which were rendered more charming by physical graces and prodigal munificence of outlay. He was a president whom every American could be proud of. When he and President Cleveland rode together in the same carriage on the occasion of the latter's inauguration, Mr. Arthur won the most compliments and the highest praise from all beholders. Since then the President's health has failed rapidly. The handsome man had become but a shadow of his former self and tenderly the Nation bade him farewell. May the rewards of the blest be his portion.

Now, we believe, only one ex-President survives—Rutherford Hayes, of Fremont, Ohio. How strange it is that so few who have been thus honored survive long after their terms are ended.

THE blizzard is a frequent visitor to the East as well as to the West.

Sensational Journalism.

The daily papers of our large cities—not all, but many of them—are doing all they possibly can to promote immorality and crime among the ignorant masses. If not intentional their course is none the less effective in this direction. The editors and publishers call it enterprise to hunt out and to publish all the details of the most revolting brutality and forms of crime they can find. The lowest dens and slums of the city are hunted through and through to find what drunken quarrels, or fightings, or acts of immorality have occurred, and a full description is written out, however disgusting and obscene the details, and published in the next issue of the daily paper; and these instances, too, in 99 cases out of 100 are of persons utterly unknown outside of their own grog-shop, or filthy locality. And newspapers of high pretentions to dignity, character, and public influence, call this sort of thing enterprise.

If an individual would talk in public what is printed in these papers he would be arrested by Comstock for violating public decency. By reporting prize fights, and the fights constantly occurring in the low rum shops of the city, and all the particulars of immoral acts and assaults, the papers become teachers to a certain class, and thus directly tend to the increase of every species of wrong doing.

We give below an editorial item which appeared in the Monday issue of the New York *Herald*. This paper claims a sort of leadership in American journalism. Still it can boast of its facilities in reporting a brutal prize fight, in these words:

"KNOCKED OUT.—The *Herald* knocked out all its contempories yesterday on the news of the exciting glove contest in San Francisco late Saturday night as completely as Mr. Sullivan knocked out Mr. Ryan."

That shows the vulgarity natural to the journal itself. Such publications should be suppressed by law. In every sense they are hurtful to the public peace and welfare.

At least six reading columns out of ten of our largest sensational dailies are as but the filthy scrapings of society's scavengers That the divine art of printing should be prostituted to such a base use is a crime against civilization and religion. H. T.

CONGRESSMAN WISE, of Virginia, has been arrested to prevent him from doing bodily harm to his fellow man, though at the same time the arrest prevents harm to Mr. Wise. This is perhaps, preferable to having the arrests made after the duel has been fought, as the Southern duel is not quite as harmless a pastime as the French mode of mortal combat, so-called. But in the view of cold reason, it might seem that the interest of society would be well subserved by allowing the duel to go on if there was any good prospect that one, or both of the fools in the case, would get enough cold lead to retire him permanently. In this particular case, the best use that could be made of the arrest would be to keep Mr. Wise out of Congress if it be possible to prolong the duress sufficiently for that purpose. There is little doubt but that there will be asses enough in that body with Wise detained at home.

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS died in Boston on Sunday morning. He belonged to the most honored and signally successful family in America. His grandfather, John Adams, was President of the United States; his father, John Quincy Adams, also filled that office, and he himself filled many responsible positions, among them Minister to Great Britain, a term in Congress and as the arbitor in the Geneva Tribunal which awarded $15,000,000 to the United States. He leaves three sons—John Quincy Adams, Charles Francis Adams, Jr., president of the Union Pacific Railroad, and Professor Henry Brooks Adams, of Harvard College.

IT is reported that the health of Philip D. Armour, the Chicago millionaire, has suddenly broken down. It is not to be wondered if he has succumbed to the great strain to which his nerves have been subjected in his dealings with fifteen thousand strikers. Not only this, but the discovery of the attempt to poison him in his food would have been enough to try a man of iron constitution. Nothing will so undermine the stoutest courage as the realization that unscrupulous enemies are plotting in secret with poison as their agent of destruction.

Rotation in Office.

The election of a United States Senator to step into the place now occupied by Hon. John I. Mitchell of this State is one of the most important political events of the future. The event, however, seems to attract very little attention, whereas it should be the topic for full and free discussion. There is no dearth of candidates for the place, and we believe that the claims of each candidate are worthy of consideration.

So far as we are individually concerned the success or failure of any one candidate to secure election will not effect us at all. What we are moved to write is entirely for the best good of the Republican party of the State. When Hon. Stanley Mathew Quay, a few months ago, was candidate for State Treasurer, he had no more enthusiastic support in the State than we gave him. We have a wholesome admiration for his personal power and winning ways, and when the term of his office is expired we will cordially endorse any desire he may express for further and higher preferment. A good public servant deserves reward and promotion.

But we submit that the Republican party of Pennsylvania is a great and varied organization. There are many good and true men in it. Among the "old war horses,"—by which expressive title we sometimes name those who have been longest and most boldly connected with it, none is more eminent than Hon. Galusha A. Grow. In every campaign (and the one just closed was not an exception) his speeches have attracted wide attention and been largely quoted as strong maintainers of Republican doctrine. They have had potent effect in moulding and shaping a wise policy. We understand that he is a candidate for the position. Though we are aware that fates all indicate that the will of Mr. Quay will be carried out we urge the superior and stronger claim of Mr. Grow. We urge it more strongly in the face of the mistakes that have been made in the past that have brought defeat. To avert any possible dissatisfaction we would like to see some other person than Mr. Quay elected. It seems to us that if he had the true interest of the party at heart he would not urge his claims at this time. Whatever result may follow, we have no doubt that Mr. Grow and all others will accept it philosophically and continue their true allegiance to the Republican party. We shall unhesitatingly endorse any action of the party, but merely take the proper time to express our convictions.

A CYCLONE or electrical storm struck Girard, Kansas, at 8:40 Monday morning and passed through the streets of a portion of the town from southwest to northwest. The path of the storm was only from fifty to seventy-five feet wide. All of the the lighter buildings were demolished but the larger and more substantial buildings stood the shock without much damage. The Presbyterian church is wrecked and a number of persons were injured John W. Herron was blown out of his house, cut about the head, internally injured, and may die. His wife had her arms cut and a child was bruised. John A. Kennedy had an arm broken and Mrs. Kennedy was injured internally. Wm. Smith, an aged man, was in his house when it was turned bottom side up. A vinegar barrel fell on him. His injuries are serious. Outside of Girard the damage was slight.

THE results in California are about evenly divided between the Democrats and Republicans. Barlett, the Democratic candidate for Governor, has only 633 majority, while the Republicans elected their lieutenant governor, attorney general, superintendent of public instruction surveyor general and two judges of the Supreme court. The Democrats elected a secretary of state, controller of the currency, clerk of the supreme court and one justice of the supreme court. The Democrats have the state senate and the Republicans have the house.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND, who has left Washington three times since his return from his summer vacation, spared the time from his official business to attend the funeral of his predecessor, whom he has spoken of as "his considerate friend." Two weeks yet remain for the completion of his message to Congress, which will be ample time if he will make the document as short as it should be.

Our Thanksgiving.

When one thinks of it earnestly it seems somewhat peculiar to appoint an annual day of thanksgiving. Why is it done?

We believe it is with the hope and expectation of making thanksgiving a national characteristic, and as such is certainly a recognition of Him from whom all good things come.

To all who understand anything of the belief of devout Christians it is at once apparent that they would give thanks anyway, whether there is a regular Thanksgiving day or not. The question is suggested: Does the appointment of the day cause more thanks to be given than otherwise would ascend to the Heavenly throne? We answer, yes; and hence it is a wise institution.

We are too apt to forget to be grateful for favors received, accepting great blessings as our right and as a matter of course. The appointment of public service on that day makes our thanksgiving more united and National in its character. Although it may not move the careless and indifferent person to give thanks, it nevertheless brings to his attention the appropriateness of doing so and this has a healthful influence upon him. "What shall I render to my God for all his gifts to me?" was the exclamation of the Psalmist and has been the sentiment ever since with all rightly constituted persons.

The churches have many other thanksgiving seasons. It is customary for many of them, just after harvest, to hold harvest home services, and to return thanks at each returning season for the special blessing which it brings. We cannot hold too many thanksgiving services. They are perhaps more acceptable to God than the oft-repeated petitions; they are recognitions to the world that we have obtained what we asked for.

Let us enjoy this Thanksgiving day. Be grateful to the kind Father above. Surely, everyone will be moved to give thanks, when ordinary politeness would cause us to give thanks to a friend even for slight kindness. Can it be that any will be so indifferent as to let the day pass without an appropriate recognition of it? Perhaps you cannot indulge in any of the religious services of the day, but if your heart is grateful that alone will be as acceptable as would an outward manifestation; although such outward exhibition of our gratitude seems to be an imperative duty when our circumstances will permit us to show it.

"Boodle" Aldermen.

The lesson to be learned from the action and probable punishment of the boodle aldermen of New York should have its good effect upon all classes of people. The politician should learn the danger of dishonesty. The good citizen should learn that he must take part in politics and put none but pure men on guard. The boys should learn the lesson that it is necessary for them to grow up to be honest men.

It is probable that all of the thirteen aldermen will meet the fate of Jaehne, who is now in Sing Sing.

It is encouraging that reform in politics is being instituted even in New York city, the fountain, it sometimes seems, of political dishonesty. Its influence for good will be felt in other cities.

There is no other lesson that the circumstances of the present time render more necessary. Too extensively the impression prevails that the only way to succeed is by dishonest practices. It is true that dishonesty does too often accomplish temporary success. But sooner or later it is discovered and its consequences are sure and severe.

Let our readers remember that not only temporal happiness and prosperity depend upon strict honesty, but that the revealed Word teaches that our eternal happiness is also dependent upon it.

A GREEK comedy was enacted in the venerable Academy of Music, New York city, the other night. Students of the University of Pennsylvania were the *dramatis personæ*. The attendance was large and more *distingue* than when Patti sang on the previous evening. Everybody was delighted, or at least they think they were. But as many of them didn't understand either the language or the situations of the play they are not quite certain. So long as the Greek play attracts a cultivated audience the uncultivated will consider it *de rigeur*.

GENERAL NOTES.

Smallpox is raging with great violence in the north of Peru.

The Italian colony in New Orleans is now said to number some 10,000 people.

At Marcella Sembrich's recent concert in Dresden, the receipts amounted to 11,000 marks.

A new hall for the meeting of the Argentine Congress has just been completed at Buenos Ayres.

During a smart snow storm at Modoc, Cal., a rancher was in town trying to sell a load of watermelons.

An exhibition of European and American goods is about to be opened in Bogota, the capital of Columbia.

A cabbage 2 feet through and weighing 40 pounds elicits complimentary notices from the California press.

It is said that President Cleveland's favorite dish is liver and bacon, and he has it for breakfast every morning.

The Chilians have gone in strongly for horse racing of late. It is now the most fashionable sport of the Republic.

The man who dug the graves for three husbands of Mrs. Fester, of Green Bay, became her fourth husband this summer.

Spanish papers say that Zorilla is about to return to Madrid, but he says he will not do so until the Spanish Republic is established.

An unknown lunatic was captured recently by officers at Springfield, Ky. His paroxysms of violence only come on when he hears some one inquire his name.

Fifty thousand tons of soot are taken from London chimneys in a year. It is estimated to be worth $200,000 and is used as a fertilizer, half a ton to an acre.

The supreme court of Iowa has decided that a promissory note made on Sunday, but not delivered until Monday, is not void under the law against Sunday contracts.

A Philadelphia soap manufacturer declares that he advertises only in newspapers for the reason "that a man who doesn't read the newspapers don't use soap."

British Guiana is making large shipments of gold to England, and the prospects are that the shipments will rival in value the great exports of sugar, molasses and rum.

A process by which leaves may be preserved on the stem and retain indefinitely their fresh, natural appearance is said to have been devised by a "Yankee college professor."

Father Augustus Tolton, pastor of St. Joseph's church, at Quincy, Ill., is said to be the only native American Roman Catholic priest of unmixed African blood. He was born a slave of slave parents.

A buck with a white head and decorated with white spots was killed recently in South Carolina. The horns were short and curved backward to the neck, resembling those of a goat more than a deer.

A fragment of shell was removed last week from the pericardium or heart sac of Officer Charles Whitney, one of the victims of the dynamite bomb explosions of Chicago. At last report the officer was doing well.

On October 10 a regiment of the Argentine army stationed at Oran revolted, and after committing numerous depredations made off toward the Bolivian frontier. At last accounts the revolted troops had not been captured.

Preacher Callahan, of Madison, Ga., lost 10 bales of cotton by fire. His friends are making up a purse for him, and a local newspaper says he deserves it because he "is honest, and a tenant, and has nine unmarried daughters."

Charles Garfield, of Salmanaca, has in his possession a United States States $5 bill bearing the date 1774. On its back is inscribed the words, "It is death to counterfeit." It is in a well-preserved condition, and at this late date is quite a curiosity.

A woman of Lewistown, Me., who is a storekeeper, while talking to a customer crumpeled up a $10 bill in her hand. Then she forgot what it was and tossed the little wad into the fire. She remembered it when her cash that night was $10 short.

Railway churches are to be attached to the trains in South Russia. Owing to the long distances traveled, and the constant work, the officials complain that they have no chance to attend divine services, so carriages fitted up as churches will run on Sunday and fete days.

At Owensboro, Ky., Nora Brown, while suffering with fever, created quite a stir in the family circle by suddenly exclaiming that she saw an angel, and the messenger said to her, in clear tones, "Thou shalt live another year," and further said she felt his hands on her knees. She was not given to exaggeration, it is stated.

The Washington *Critic* says that a civil engineer now high in the profession got his start from his first report of a survey. He was sent out to inspect a river which a Congressional lobby wanted improved for navigation, and when he handed in this brief but comprehensive statement: "The river is not worth a dam."

A Mrs. McCann, of the First ward of Tacoma, has according to the *Ledger* of that place, given birth to a baby weighing 21 pounds, for which it is claimed the honor of being the biggest baby on the Pacific coast." The *Ledger* might have included the Atlantic coast and all the other coasts, probably, for the young McCann is a whopper.

The Legislature of New South Wales has passed an act which legalizes cremation in that colony. Crematoria are to be established. The plans must pass the Board of Health, and every applicant for a license must satisfy the Government that he is the owner in fee simple, and has general consent to allow of cremation upon the land.

Poetry.

STRENGTH FOR TO-DAY.

Strength for to-day is all that we need,
As there never will be a to-morrow;
For to-morrow will prove but another to-day.
With its measures of joy and sorrow.

Then why forecast the the trials of life
With much sad and grave persistence,
And wait and watch for a crowd of ills
That as yet have no existence?

Strength for to-day; what a precious boon
For earnest souls who labor,
For the willing hands that minister
To the needy friend or neighbor.

Strength for to day, that the weary hearts,
In the battle for right may quail not,
And the eyes bedimmed by bitter tears
In the search for light may fail not.

Strength for to-day on the down hill track
For the travelers near the valley
That up, far up on the other side,
Ere long they may safely rally.

Strength for to-day, that our precious youth
May happily shun temptation,
And build from the rise to the set of the sun,
On a strong and sure foundation.

Strength for to-day, in house and home
To practice forbearance sweetly;
To scatter kind words and loving deeds,
Still trusting in God completely.

Strength for to-day is all that we need.
As there never will be a to-morrow;
For to-morrow will prove but another to-day
With its measure of joy and sorrow.

—*Boston Transcript.*

A DOMESTIC EPISODE.

The President sat in his easy chair,
With Lamont as close as could be,
And the President's wife sat over there,
With her sewing upon her knee.

Said the President: "Dan, here's a job for you;
My head for the problem's too thick,
Before you retire, I wish you would do
A sum in arithmetic.

"With twenty-five Congressmen lost this year,
Which seems to be nearly our fate,
Where will we be—say Dan, do you hear?
In the autumn of eighty-eight?"

Dan bit at his nails, and scratched his head,
For the problem puzzled him so,
"Why, may be, perhaps," he stammered and said,
Then declared that he didn't know.

The sweet little lady over there
Looked up, but not at the men,
And softly said, with a far-away air,
"His teeth will be cut by then."

The President looked before him straight,
And his brown made Daniel wince.
"My teeth will be cut by eighty-eight!
I thought they were cut long since."

The sweet little lady hung down her head,
So busy with seams and frills,
And, blushing a little, she softly said,
"I was thinking of something else."

—*New York Sun.*

SA CARTE DES DANSES.

A dainty trifle, silk and lace,
All white and palest blue;
A pencil hangs below the place
Where it is bent in two.

A silken cord upon her arm,
So soft and round and white,
Suspends, secure from every harm,
This little book to-night.

Within the tiny tome I glance;
The ball has just begun.
But someone's taken every dance.
She might have saved me one.

I look along the list of names,
And looking there I see
That every waltz some fellow claims
Whose name begins with D.

I'm hurt, and say so in a way
I fear is scarce polite,
But, as I turn, I hear her say,
"Don't leave me so to-night!"

Then, with a sudden, tender smile,
She whispers, 'Don't look blue;
You might have known it all the while,
The D was meant for U!"

—*S. D. S., Jr., in Life.*

DECLINED, WITH THANKS.

Lightly, on a summer morning,
Stole she in my fancy's realm;
And, without a word of warning,
Smiled—and turned my being's helm.

Ah, to such a fair commander
Who would not entrust his fate?
When she smiled none could withstand her—
So she smiled from day till late.

Yet I fear she smiles too sweetly
To sail safely into port,
I'll not trust her too completely,
"Shattered heart" is not my forte."

Therefore, pretty, blue-eyed maiden,
Take thy hand from off the wheel;
For my bark of life is laden
With a dream thou canst not feel.

Laughter, flirting and deceiving,
Allied to such eyes as thine,
Work misfortune past believing—
Which, with thanks I must decline.

—*Felix N. Gerson.*

Our Story Teller.

THE GYPSY'S WARNING.

There was trouble in the household. A trouble that seems to fall, more or less, upon most families nowadays. The cook had departed, off-hand, in a fit of passion.

And it was at a singularly inconvenient season—as is pretty sure to be the case, and the cooks know it. A cousin of Mrs. Challoner, George Anson, was expected to arrive that day from his home in Cheshire, to make a short stay. On the morrow Mrs. Challoner was to give a small dinner, and a carpet dance afterward. She and her husband both wished to make George Anson's visit agreeable to him, and now this catastrophe had happened!

"Can I do nothing to help you, Mrs. Challoner?" I, the governess, said, waylaying her in her room, where she was hastily putting on her bonnet to go out to see what aid she could obtain in the emergency. "Nurse will take care of Mina, and I assure you I know a good deal about cooking."

"And I know nothing about it," lamented pretty, frivolous Mrs. Challoner, "nothing upon earth. I could not make a plum-cake if you paid me to do it."

"I can," I said.

"And so can I," put in kind, sunny-hearted Mary Challoner. "Mamma, we will go into the kitchen, all three of us, and Miss Lane, too, and you'll see what wonders we accomplish."

"I'm not sure that plum-cakes will be wanted," said Mrs. Challoner, in perplexity. "If I can get Eliza Mitchell to come in, she'll know, for she's the best cook in the neighborhood. Look here, girls, it can do no harm to wash some currants, and stone some raisins, and cut up some candied peel; and then they'll be ready if they are wanted. Yes, please help them, Miss Lane, if you don't mind."

As Mrs. Challoner hastened out, I went to the kitchen with the three girls; Mary and Emma Challoner, and Adelaide Anson. The two housemaids, who both avowed intense ignorance of a cook's work, proceeded upstairs to their vocations, after showing us where the dried fruits were kept, and we began our work upon the raisins, and the currants, and the candied peel. I, who was a good hand at custards, said I would make some for the supper-table.

The kitchen was at the end of the house a detached and handsome house, standing in its own grounds, just outside the manufacturing town of N——; the kitchen faced the side furthest from the town, and looked on the productive fruit and vegetable garden. A large croquet lawn and flower beds were on the other side of the house. A narrow path ran under the kitchen window, leading to the back door, from the little gate that opened to the high road. Mrs. Challoner would sometimes say, when a fit of prudence came upon her, that she would have that little gate fastened up, the servant maids got so many visitors in by it.

We threw up the wide kitchen window to the warm fresh air. The buds and bloom and brightness of spring lay round, the lilac and laburnum trees were in full flower, the sweet syringa was soon about to open its fragrant petals to the rejoicing world. A few minutes, and we were all busy. I was beating away at the eggs in a basin, and Emma was decidedly eating as many raisins as she stoned, when something suddenly darkened the window. Adelaide Anson had put herself in the old arm-chair with the candied peel in her lap, and was relating something which had recently happened at her aunt's house in Cheshire, when she stopped with a faint cry. Looking up, we saw a woman standing outside, silently gazing in upon us.

"Buy some of my pretty baskets, ladies!" she said, quickly, seeing we had observed her; and she lifted into view a dozen or so of small ornamental baskets, fastened together by a string.

"We don't want any, thank you." Emma called out. "Miss Lane," turning to me and dropping her voice, "she's a gypsy, I think; one of those fortune-tellers!"

"See how tasty it is!" cried the woman, holding up one of the baskets to view. "It'll hold all your cottons and thimbles, and the dainty love notes from——"

Adelaide dashed the packet of candied peel upon the table, rose from her chair, and shut down the window in the woman's face. "Go away," she called out through the glass; "we have no time to buy your rubbish to-day."

The woman suddenly bent her head low over her wares, which hid her from view, for the window was rather a high one; and Adelaide sat down again to the candied peel.

"There was no need to be so cross with the poor thing," said Mary to Adelaide. "She looked very thin, half starved. I wouldn't have minded buying the basket; it was really pretty."

"To hold your love-letters?" returned Adelaide, laughingly.

"Let me tell your fortunes, my sweet young ladies! I can tell them sure and true."

Instead of departing, the woman had come in at the back door and opened the kitchen door quietly. It took us all slightly aback.

"I see much in your faces that you know not of, young ladies," she continued; "much that has not come to you in your dreams, much that you have not read in the stars. Let me read it!"

She spoke in a persuasive, gentle tone, not a bold one. She had the black skin and dark eyes of her race, but was not dressed in the gaudy colors some of them affect; on the contrary, her gown and shawl were plain and neat, her straw bonnet was fresh.

Does any girl, I wonder, let her be a serving-maid or a "damsel of high degree," turn a perfectly deaf ear when solicited to "look into the future?" Somehow or other it wears a charm to our ear; it does for mine, governess though I am; and we yield to the witchery, while protesting our utter disbelief in it.

Emma Challoner succumbed at once. "Oh yes, *do* let us have our fortunes told! It will be such fun!"

"But, my dear Emma, I——"

"Now please don't interfere, Miss Lane," she pleaded.

"She looks poor—and sad," next whispered to me Mary, who had the kindest heart in the world. "Of course what she says will be a string of nonsense, but our sixpences will be a boon to her. Yes, you may come in," she added to the woman; "but we shall not believe what you tell us."

"Thank you," the woman answered in a low tone, as she entered and put her baskets down in the corner; then, advancing timidly, she held out her hands to the fire, shivering slightly. I saw that she was superior to many of her class; and also, strange to say, there was something in her face not altogether unfamiliar to me, as if I had seen it before.

She commenced with Emma. After peering at the palms of her hands, she "told her fortune" in a sing-song tone and jerking sentences; and her voice was, I think, the sweetest I ever heard. It was a famous "fortune," all good in it, no bad; a grand house, a carriage and horses, and a handsome husband, bold and brave.

Emma was charmed with the "fortune," and with the woman who told it. She took out her purse, and gave her a shilling.

The woman turned to me. "No, thank you," I said, "not for me. I am in charge of these young ladies, and I don't know what will be said to me for allowing them to listen to you."

"Yet you are young," answered the woman, looking at me wistfully.

"Not as young as they are. Not young enough to put faith in this kind of nonsense," I added, smiling.

"Yet I could tell you things, lady, that only yourself can know. Shall I, to begin with, tell your Christian name?"

"If you can."

She took my left hand in hers, and looked at it closely; then lifted her face, with a curious light in it to mine.

"Your name is one of our names, I see, lady. It is—I think it is Miriam," she said, with hesitation.

It was a very good guess, if guess it was, for my name is Miriam—Miriam Grace. But that familiar look in her face recurred to me, and I thought she must have seen me somewhere and heard it.

Laughing, I told her she was right for once; but I refused to listen to anything more from her, and she turned to Mary. Mary (not to be less generous than her sister) "crossed her hand" with a silver shilling. She had a lovely face, its expression very sweet; and the gypsy, after a quick glance into the blue eyes, shining upon her with kindness and dancing with glee, began looking at the palms of her hands. Then, in the same low, monotonous sing-song, she broke into the future fortune; and this time, by way of a change, it was told in rhyme:

"Another's loss will be your gain;
Your joys will cause another pain;
Your hopes will be another's fears;
Your smiles will cause another tears.
That which will make you bright and glad,
Will make another wild and mad.
One love will gladden all your years;
The morning of your marriage near;
The night you sleep upon his breast,
She in the arms of death may rest."

The gypsy dropped her hand, and without any pause, moved noiselessly over to where Adelaide Anson was sitting with the candied peel in her lap. Quietly and haughtily she refused to give her hand to the woman, saying that she did not believe in such things, and keeping her eyes fixed on the strips she was cutting. The woman gently lifted her own face, looked searchingly, almost pityingly, into Adelaide's dark eyes, and whispered:

"Of thyself beware, beware,
In thy madness have a care,
Lest thou Death's white garments wear."

Then, glancing keenly at each of us in turn, she put the two shillings into the body of her gown, caught up her baskets, bent her head in salutation, and left the room. Emma ran to the window as she passed, saw her gain the road, and walk rapidly away.

We all laughed. Laughed at the incident altogether, laughed at Emma's openly expressed glee at her "fortune," laughed at Adelaide for her want of faith as we bade her beware of the gypsy's warning. It was just fun, and nothing else, to us all then. In later days when the smallest word and deed were recalled distinctly, the memory of that warning, whispered by the black-eyed, sweet-voiced gypsy-woman, came back to us with vivid and unpleasant force.

"It is but the jargon of all the gypsies, and this one seems to have learnt her task well," I said to the girls, beginning to look for a saucepan in which to complete my custards.

"I am *astonished* you should have admitted her, or stopped to listen to her, any of you," cried out Adelaide, with condemning emphasis. "Pray keep it from Mrs. Challoner; she would be shocked."

"She would only laugh, for she is as much of a girl as we are sometimes," said Emma. "But, Miss Lane—how *could* she know your Christian name? Did she pitch upon it by luck?"

"I think," I was beginning, turning to them, and there I stopped, "I think she and I must have met before, for her face seems not altogether strange to me; and, if so, she may have heard my name." That was what I had been about to say, but some feeling suddenly arose, prompting me not to speak it. Call it instinct if you will. Though I could not see why it should have arisen, or any purpose the suppression served, either of good or ill.

"What were you going to say, Miss Lane?" asked Adelaide.

"What was I going to say?" was my careless answer. "Oh, something, I suppose, about the cunning possessed by these gypsy women. But I'm looking for that saucepan. There must be one somewhere."

"Have I washed and dried enough currants?" exclaimed Mary, appealing to the kitchen generally.

"Yes," said Emma. "You must pick them now."

By and by, Mrs. Challoner came in, bringing with her Eliza Mitchel, engaged for a week. It was a great comfort, for the woman was capable at her metier; she could do all that was needed herself, she at once said, and would as soon have the young ladies' room as their company.

Mr. Challoner was a large and successful manufacturer; and Mrs. Challoner was his young and second wife. Mina, my little charge, seven years old, was step-sister to Mary and Emma. Mrs. Challoner came from Cheshire; and the gentleman now expected on a visit, George Anson, was related to her. He was coming with a purpose. Mr. Challoner had no son to succeed him in business, and it had been mutually suggested between the families that George should join him, provided upon trial they found that they suited each other. George Anson's father was in the same manufacturing line in Cheshire, and the young man had been brought up to it; but as he was the youngest of three sons, to join Mr. Challoner might be a better opening for him than to remain at home. Indeed, it would be a very first-rate opening, one not met with every day, even when funds are abundant, as in the Anson case. George would be two or three days the guest of the Challoners, and then take a lodging; they had invited him for the whole period of the trial, fixed for three months, but he declined, saying he preferred to be independent.

Mr. Anson arrived that afternoon in time for dinner. I saw him first of all in the evening. The custard-making over the fire had given me a headache, so I had some tea, instead of dinner.

It chanced that another stranger was present, some one passing through N——, whom Mr. Challoner had brought home to dinner, and just at first, seeing the two young men, I wondered which was which. But I soon guessed. The one was awkwardly tall, ungainly, dark and plain, and I had heard George Anson praised for his good looks. The previous year I had been taken with Mina by Mrs. Challoner into Cheshire, and had spent a fortnight with the Anson family.

"That is Mr. Anson?" I said to Adelaide, who was sitting by me, as I indicated the other.

"Yes," she answered. "Is he not charming!"

Well, I thought he looked so. Of middle height, slender and agile in figure, he presented a contrast to Mr. Page. His face, with its clear-cut, frank features and laughing hazel eyes, was very pleasant. Above all he was open-natured as the day, in manner sincere and unaffected.

Adelaide turned to me. "How is it you pretended not to know George, Miss Lane, when you were with us last autumn?"

"But Mr. George Anson was not there; he was away."

"I remember now," she slowly said. "He had gone to Germany. I hate Germany."

"Hate Germany! What for?"

"I *do* hate it. I used to hate it always when I heard he was going off on one of those visits to Germany, that Uncle Mark would put down to business, and George too. Business, indeed! I know. It was to see those German cousins of his; that Hilda! I hate Germany with a bitter hatred."

I thought the remark a strange one. I thought Adelaide's looks strange also. She was following George Anson as he moved about the room with Mary and Emma, or stood with them at the piano—with an eagerness of face that did not become it, and a curiously wild gleam in her dusky eyes.

Adelaide Anson was a tall, fine, handsome young woman, her figure extremely upright, a little stiff perhaps, and a little portly. Her features were good, her complexion was tolerably bright, though at times it had a dark tinge under the skin; her eyes were large and dark and brilliant, and she had an abundance of black crisp hair. She was remarkably self-possessed. Emma Challoner, free and outspoken, was given to say that Adelaide tacitly proclaimed to strangers, "I am an heiress, so respect me." Adelaide had a large fortune. Her father and mother were both dead, and since she left school her home had been with Mr. Mark Anson, her uncle and guardian. At the close of the past Christmas, she had come on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Challoner. Come rather suddenly and unexpectedly, I fancied. Miss Anson had not been well; she needed a prolonged change of air and scene, Mrs. Challoner said to me and the girls; and that was all we knew about it.

Adelaide rose abruptly from her seat by me, crossed over to Mr. Anson, put her arm within his, and began to pace the room. It was a long room now the folding doors were put back; Mr. and Mrs. Challoner sat by the fire in the other one, talking with Mr. Page.

[To be Continued.

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THE TURNING POINT.

"Now, Donald, I doubt but you are fooling. No wife would do that for a man, no matter what she thought of him."

The young man addressed sprang up from his seat.

"Go with me, James, and you, too, Lawrence King, and I'll prove the truth of my words. If Mary Le Brun does not cheerfully get us up a supper fit for a prince at my asking—late though it be—you may set me down for a conceited idiot."

"All right. We'll go. And if the mistress does as you say, she's an angel; and such an exacting man as you are is not worthy of her."

The speaker was Lawrie King, a fine manly-looking fellow, whose face would have been pleasant to see had it not carried upon it the traces of dissipation.

The three were boon companions, and had been since their boyhood. I am sorry to say that the innocent fun and mischief of that time had degenerated into card playing and a fondness for the intoxicating cup in their maturer years.

Donald Le Brun was the only one of the three who had married. As is often the case, he had won the heart of a girl who deserved a better fate. She was pretty and "capable," as the neighbors called it, and managed her dairy with prime success. Her butter and cheese always commanded the highest market price.

Through all of Donald's excesses she had never given him an angry word; and he had even now been making the boast that late as it was, if he went home and asked her to cook a fine meal for him, she would do it cheerfully.

The young men were all in that convival state when reason has not her full sway, and anything strange or improbable takes the fancy.

They at once caught at the proposition, and went with Donald to his home. It was some two miles distant, and they made the cold frosty air ring with their hilarious mirth for a time.

Then Lawrie and James began to feel uneasy and ashamed at the thought of their errand, and they tried to dissuade Donald from it; but his pride was aroused. He would not hear of a retreat, and being the stronger nature he carried his point.

His wife came to the door. She looked at him doubtfully, evidently fearing to find him in a maudlin state which, alas! was too often his condition.

Her face brightened suddenly when she heard him say in his natural tone of voice:

"Well, Mollie, here I am. The bad penny back again, and two others to keep him company."

At this rather ambiguous introduction, Lawrie and James bowed shamefacedly, and Mrs. Le Brun said pleasantly:

"I am glad to see you. Come in."

"That we will, Molly, if you will promise to get some supper. I'm hungry as a bear. Tell Jane to hurry up the fire."

"Jane has gone to her mother's for the evening; but I will get you supper, Donald."

"All right. Hurry up. Come, boys, let's have a game of dominoes while we're waiting."

As Mrs. Le Brun left the room, Donald turned to his friends triumphantly:

"I told you so. That girl would go through fire and water for me; and uncomplainingly, too."

"I tell you what, Donald," said Lawrie, "the shoe ought to be on the other foot. If I had a wife like that——"

"Wait till you get one, and then preach," said Donald laughingly; but something in his tones warned Lawrie to say no more, and they were soon engaged in their game.

An hour passed by before Mary Le Brun came in.

"Come, Donald, all is ready," she said pleasantly, and led the way to the kitchen.

It was an immense room, with huge cavernous fireplace, in which some logs were sending out a cheerful light, as they snapped and cracked in consuming. Suspended from the beams were flitches of bacon and noble-looking smoked hams. All round gave evidence of a careful industrious housewife.

The table, too, was covered with snowy linen cloth of Mary's own spinning and weaving; and on it was a daintily prepared repast. Everything was perfect in its way, from the crisp brown of the cold chicken to the pale green of the pickles.

Mrs. Le Brun poured out a cup of fragrant Mocha for each of her guests and then seated herself at a convenient distance with her knitting.

For a time little was said as the tempting viands disappeared. Then Donald called out:

"Cups are empty, Moll."

And his wife came and refilled them.

Lawrie was the most impulsive of the party, and many thoughts had seethed through his busy brain as he sat at the table.

Now, as he looked at the comely face of the hostess, he saw traces of sadness upon it, underlying all its studied cheerfulness of expression. He said suddenly, not stopping to think whether or not Donald would be pleased:

"What makes you so kind and painstaking, Mrs. Le Brun? There isn't one woman in a hundred who would do as you have this evening, and, to tell the truth, I didn't believe it of you, or I wouldn't have come here and sanctioned putting you to so much trouble. I just wanted the fun of seeing Donald's boasts about his wife come to nothing."

Donald's eyes flashed fire at this speech. He half-rose from his chair, but sat down again, evidently putting a strong restraint upon himself.

Mary looked at Lawrie in surprise as he spoke, and smiled faintly, apparently thinking a reply unnecessary. But Donald spoke up suddenly:

"Speak out, Molly, and satisfy the fellow. What does make you so willing to do anything that your wild Donald asks of you?"

Mary flushed painfully at his words. She had been brought up in a simple faith, wherein an evasion is considered a lie. A question put directly to her she felt compelled to answer truly, whether it should occasion pleasure or anger.

It was the first time Donald had asked her such a question, and he watched her face expectantly, thinking to hear answer pleasing to his self-love.

Mary's reply came upon him like a thunderbolt in a cloudless sky.

In her embarrassment at having to give utterance to the painful truth, she unconsciously assumed the quaint Quaker dialect.

"Because I love thee, Donald, and it is my wish that thou shouldst have much comfort in this world; for surely thou wilt have sorrow and tribulation in the world to come; for it is written that no drunkard shall see Heaven."

Her words struck upon Donald like a conviction.

It seemed as though a subtle influence vibrated through the truth which he had evoked from the lips of his quiet, uncomplaining wife.

Night after night rose accusingly in his memory, with visions of the gaming table, and of the fiery, soul-destroying draughts which had stimulated him from one mad excess to another.

He had surely bartered his hopes of salvation for a "mess of pottage."

An interval of some moments elapsed. It seemed an eternity to Mary.

Love and obedience to her husband had been her ruling passion, and she feared the effect of her words upon him.

At last Donald rose to his feet, and moved toward his wife.

Lawrie and James knew of his temper, and and fearing they knew not what, rose also.

What was their surprise to see Donald put his arms about Mary's waist, and draw her to him.

"Is it so, Molly? Then by Him who made me, you shall have no more fears for my soul!"

His solemn manner gave his words the effect of a more formal attestation, and his really fine face lit up with a glow of enthusiasm as he looked from one to the other.

"What do you say, boys? shall we give a happy heart to this kind little woman, and sign the pledge? Why not be friends in amendment as we have been in our wild frolics?"

No second appeal was neccessary. The more enthusiastic Lawrie drew James forward.

"Get the papers, Mrs. Le Brun. I'll sign, and so will James, here, too. I'll speak for him."

It was enough. Mary Le Burn felt a lightness of heart to which she had long been a stranger, as she went to the old-fashioned desk where Donald kept his accounts, and brought from it writing materials.

Donald signed his name in bold character, then James, and last Lawrie.

"Now, Molly, pray for us, that we may not fall into temptation and break our promise.

"I will, Donald—I will! Not a day shall pass that I do not thank God for this great happiness, and ask Him to help you keep in the path of right."

It proved to be, indeed, a turning-point in Donald's life. He had been the leading spirit in drawing his friends into following after the devices of the great enemy of souls, and he was the chosen instrument, with the blessing of God, for their conversion.

They are now steady, well-to-do men, with young families growing up like olive branches around them.

Their place at church is never vacant, and no unanswered petition is made upon their plethoric purses.

Charity and relgion go with them hand-in-hand and are the leading principles of their lives.

As to Mary Le Brun, husband and children rise up and call her blessed, and her earthly life is a foretaste, in its calm happiness, of the joys which are in store for those accounted worhty of Heaven.

The REPUBLICAN is the best.

All Sorts.

A man is never so sure that he is perfectly sober as when he is tolerably drunk.

"Did you carry that prescription to old Mrs. Smith last night?" said a doctor to his office boy. "Yes, sir." "Did she take it?" "Yes, sir." "How do you know?" "Crape on the door this morning."

Liberty has had more advertising during the past few months than any other woman in the country; but she will not go on the lecture platform. She would break it down if she did. And, than heaven, she can't play "Juliet!"

A couple of rural visitors in the house gallery were trying to pick out their congressmen on the floor. "I can't distinguish him," said one, after a hopeless visual observation. "Of course not," was the honest reply; "he can't even distinguish himself."

"Mamma, did Daniel Webster build the dictionary?" asked little Willie "No, my child, it was Noah; why do you ask?" "Well," hesitated Willie "my Sunday school teacher don't know nuffin'?" "Why?" "She said Noah built the ark."

Wife (reading aloud from a newspaper)—"He finally perished at sea." Husband (musically inclined)—"He perished at C, did he? Well, the wonder is that he didn't go to pieces sooner, for not one tenor in a thousand can sustain a tone higher than A or B flat at the most."

Man at the water cooler (pausing reflectively in the midst of a drink)—"What kind of water is this?" Native (reassuringly)—"That? that's well water." Man at the water cooler—"You are too sanguine, my friend: this water may be convalescent; but it is gross satire to call it well."

George Parsons Lathrop, in a magazine article, calls Boston "narrow, bigoted and chilly." We knew Boston was crooked, so far as her streets are concerned, but this is the first time we have heard it called narrow. Mr. Lathrop may find its chilliness increase about thirty degrees upon his next visit there.

In climbing the ladder of fame, my son you must not look for unmixed pleasure; the man just above you will be continually treading on your fingers. But, then, you have the satisfaction of stepping on the fingers of the fellow just beneath you. It is only he who is at the foot of the ladder whose state is wholly unblest.

What Became of the Pear.

In one of the suburban towns there lives a man who does business in Boston, and who has a great passion for cultivating new and choice varieties of fruit on his pretty place. He took particular pains to get a pear tree of a rare sort of golden russet variety, and planted and nursed it with infinite solicitude By and by it got ready to bear. It blossomed last year with fair profusion, but it bore, much to the disappointment of its owner, but a single pear. That one pear, however, grew to be a splendid specimen, and was prized in proportion to its rarity. The owner of the tree was very anxious that it should mature and ripen.

But he had a small boy, Charley by name, who looked upon the pear, as the boy's father had observed, with covetous eyes. So the father laid his hand on the boy's shoulder one day and said:

"See here, Charley, don't you ever pick that pear. If you do I shall punish you severely."

Charley promised faithfully that he wouldn't, and the father waited a few days longer for the pear to ripen. But the very next day, when he came home the pear was gone.

He took his boy and led him to the tree.

"Did you pick that pear, Charley?"

"No, sir, truly I didn't pick it!"

"You didn't? And what do you suppose became of it?"

"I—I—I—"

"You what?"

"I—I shinned up the tree and ate it, papa, but I didn't pick it!"

The father looked up into the tree and saw that the stem of the pear still hung to its branch. The boy's story was true. He had climbed the tree and lain on his back on a large limb, underneath the pear, and had eaten it from the stem. But he hadn't picked it.—*Boston Record*

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DR. R. M. DELZELL, Reynolds, Ind., says: "I have prescribed Brown's Iron Bitters in cases of anæmia and blood diseases, also when a tonic was needed, and it has proved thoroughly satisfactory."

MR. WM. BYRNS, 26 St. Mary St., New Orleans, La., says: "Brown's Iron Bitters relieved me in a case of blood poisoning, and I heartily commend it to those needing a blood purifier."

MR. W. W. MONAHAN, Tuscumbia, Ala., says: "I have been troubled from childhood with Impure Blood and eruption on my face—two bottles of Brown's Iron Bitters effected a perfect cure. I cannot speak too highly of this valuable medicine."

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Miscellaneous.

AN EXTRAORDINARY OFFER.

To All Wanting Employment.

We want Live, Energetic and Capable Agents in every county in the United States and Canada, to sell a patent article of great merit, ON ITS MERITS. An article having a large sale, paying over 100 per cent profit, having no competition, and on which the agent is protected in the exclusive sale by a deed given for each and every county he may secure from us. With all these advantages to our agents and the fact that it is an article that can be sold to every house-owner, it might not be necessary to make an "EXTRAORDINARY OFFER" to secure good agents at once, but we have concluded to make it to show, not only our confidence in the merits of our invention, but in its salability by any agent that will handle it with energy. Our agents now at work are making from $150 to $600 a month clear and this fact makes it safe for us to make our offer to all who are out of employment. Any agent that will give our business a thirty days' trial and fail to clear at least $100 in this time, ABOVE ALL EXPENSES, can return all goods unsold to us and we will refund the money paid for them. Any agent or general agent who would like ten or more counties and work them through sub-agents for ninety days and fail to clear at least $750 ABOVE ALL EXPENSES, can return all unsold and get their money back. No other employer of agents ever dared to make such offers, nor would we if we did not know that we have agents now making more than double the amount we guaranteed; and but two sales a day would give a profit of $125 a month, and that one of our agents took eighteen orders in one day. Our large descriptive circulars explain our offer fully, and we want to send to everyone out of employment who will send us three one cent stamps. Send at once and secure territory in time for the boom, and go to work on the terms named in our extraordinary offer. We like to have the address of all the good working machine solicitors and carpenters in the country, and ask any reader of this paper to write us for this offer, to send us at once the address of all such they know, or you will lose the best chance to get those out of employment to make money. ROYER MANUFACTURING CO., 185 Smithfield St., Pittsburg, Pa.

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Disjointed Joints.

Detroit Free Press.

"There comes another!" said the hardware dealer, as he interrupted a conversation about the state of the iron market and tried to hide his body behind that of the reporter. The latter was on the point of asking for an explanation when a citizen halted and said to the dealer:

"Oh, yes, you sent that stove-pipe up yesterday afternoon, didn't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Four links and an elbow?"

"Yes, sir."

"Told me I wouldn't have the least trouble in fitting the joints?"

"I—I think I did."

"Think I. Why, blast your swindling old vocation, you know you did! You said a boy ten year old could put up a hundred links of it in an hour! Not one infernal joint would go together, though I worked for three hours. Don't you never speak to me again—never! I do admire a sharp thief, but I have no respect for an old liar!"

"Why don't you punch his head?" queried the reporter as the man passed on.

"Why don't I punch half the heads in town?" asked the dealer just as a second citizen came to a halt and puckered his mouth to say:

"You can send up for that stove-pipe!"

"Yes, sir."

"That stove-pipe I lugged home last night."

"I remember."

"That stove-pipe over which I sweat and swore until midnight and then mashed flat and flung into the alley!"

"I'll send for it."

"And I could have mashed you with it, you old glib-tongued hypocrite! Send for it! Remove it! Don't never look another honest man in the face!"

"No, sir; I never will," humbly replied the dealer as he opened his door to escape a third man with blood in his eye coming across the street.

The Big Earthquake of 1868.

"There is nothing that will take the lining out of a man quicker than an earthquake," remarked Captain E. P. Cunningham, of Northport, Me., a retired shipmaster, a few days ago.

The Captain spoke from experience, having been at Arica in the Belfast ship Northern Chief at the time of the earthquake of Aug. 13 and 14, 1868, which involved the loss of 500 lives and $12,000,000 worth of property. The shocks were followed by a tidal wave, in which the United States storeship Fredonia was wrecked, with the loss of all hands, and the United States steamer Wateree, a large iron double-ender, was carried five miles inland, where the hull still remains. The Fredonia was dashed to pieces on the rocks. Another ship, with two anchors down, was lifted on the wave so that her anchors were clear of the bottom, and then she spun round and round like a top. The only vessels that escaped were the Northern Chief and other Maine ship commanded by Captain Watts of Rockland. They took a sheer off instead of on shore, and, as Captain Cunningham describes it, went out to sea as though a dozen tugs had them in tow. They were carried ten or twelve miles out, and received no injury.

The fortified island of Alacran, which defends the harbor of Arica, was submerged three times, all the garrison perishing. The first wave, which rose to about forty feet, was succeeded by three or four others of less height. Among the curious effects of the earthquake in the vicinity of Arica, was the opening of the earth and the disclosure of a large number of mummies which had been buried in sand in a sitting posture, facing the sea, in a cemetery covering a large area. Capt. Cunningham, who visited the spot, said the heads sticking up made it look like a field of potatoes.—*Belfast Journal.*

Mortuary Information.

Perhaps the Turks were the first to use the ornamental burying grounds known as cemeteries, but we cannot say in what year. The Jews used to bury their dead under the earth, and this mode seems to have been the earliest in use. Egypt embalmed her corpses, and the earlier Greeks and Romans consumed the body after death by fire, the ashes only receiving sepulture. Subsequently in those nations this practice fell into disuse, at least partly, and then their dead bodies were buried in vaults or chambers under ground, such as the catacombs. In ancient Rome the bodies of her most illustrious sons were permitted to be buried unburned, as a special mark of favor, within the walls of the city. The next step was the erection of churches over the remains of martyrs. The emperors and kings were admitted to sarcophagi within the church wall. The extension of this practice was the origin of churchyards. These, in crowded towns, became unhealthy and offensive, and sanitary measures demanded burial without the walls of the city. Thus grew the beautiful resting-places of the dead, which, with their trees, flowers, landscape gardening and works of monumental art, we call cemeteries. The word "cemetery," by the way, means slumber place, and is of Christian origin.—*Troy Times.*

Miscellaneous.

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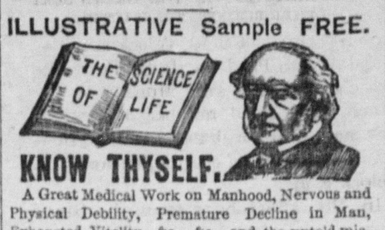

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MARION, IND., Aug. 12, 1886.

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Miscellaneous.

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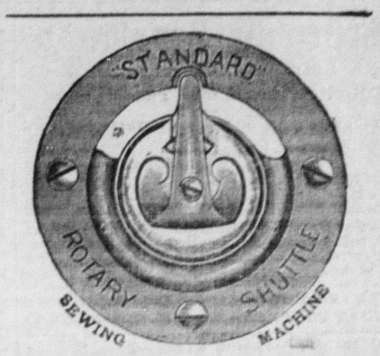
Miscellaneous



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The Storm's Work.

CHICAGO, November 20.—The loss of the schooner Lucerne on the western shores of Lake Superior are confirmed. Ten men or more perished when she went down. She left Washburne, Wisconsin, on Monday, with a cargo of iron ore for Cleveland. She was not seen after she left Washburne until Wednesday, when she was seen to attempt making a port for shelter. Not arriving at any port, a tug was sent out in search of her. The tug had only gone a few miles from shore when the spars of the Lucerne were seen above the water. Three men were found lashed in the rigging. They were cut loose and brought to Washburne. One is recognized as being the second mate. The vessel is lying in forty feet of water. The tug Brown, of Bayfield, searched about the wreck all day for more bodies, but found none. The bodies found were covered with from one to six inches of ice. The Lucerne is supposed to have gone to the bottom some time Wednesday night, as the wind blew a terrific gale that night, with a blinding snow storm from the northwest.

The steam barge Manistique arrived at Frankfort this morning in search of her consorts, the Marinette and Menekaunee, which were loss off that point on Thursday night. As far as known no steam barge was wrecked in the vicinity of Frankford. The schooner Libbie Naue, of Chicago, is ashore on South Manitou Island. A tug has gone to her assistance.

A computation made to-day of the loss of life and property on the lakes by the storm of Wednesday and Thursday shows that thirty vessels were wrecked and that thirty-seven lives were lost. By the wreck of the Dickenson three lives were lost; by that of the Emerald, five; by that of the Marinette, seven; by that of the Menekaupee, seven; by that of the Lucerne, eight; by that of the Florida one; by that of the Helen six. All the vessels were cast away in the furious gale or foundered in the tremendous seas which it raised on Lakes Michigan and Superior. Many of them were barges in tow of tugs that were unable to help them when the northwestern blizzard swept down.

The 20 vessels and their cargoes were valued at $724,130. Some of them may be rescued, but the wrecking expenses at this season of the year will be necessarily heavy.

Ex-Governor Phelps Dead.

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 21.—Ex-Governor Jno. S. Phelps, of Missouri, died at 9 o'clock last night at the Sisters' hospital, where he had been suffering for two days with an aggravated case of kidney trouble. He arrived in the city a few days ago from Springfield, Mo., his home, and was stricken down at the Planter's house Tuesday. He was about 70 years of age. Born in Massachusetts, he came to Missouri in 1837, and served in the legislature until 1842.

He was elected to congress in 1844, when Missouri was allowed but three representatives, and served 18 years at the national capital. He was for 10 years chairman of the ways and means committee. He resigned in 1862 and entered the Union army where he served as a colonel. In 1876 he was elected governor and served until 1880. He leaves a grown family.

Man and Money Missing.

READING, Pa., November 17.—Thomas Wilson, Superintendent of the Foxhill, Chester county granite quarries, in which 50 men are employed, went to Wilmington, Delaware, nearly a week ago and drew $7,000 with which to pay employes. He has not been heard of since and nothing is known as to his whereabouts.

Arthur's Funeral.

NEW YORK, Nov 22.—President Cleveland and Postmaster General Vilas arrived direct from the train at 8:20 and entered the house of mourning. Many people uncovered their heads when the president stepped out of his carriage. Shortly after Governor Hill arrived. They were followed by the senate committee. By this time there was a mighty throng of people on the avenue, and the windows of every house were filled with faces.

There was no service at the house. The few friends present looked in the face of the dead early in the morning, and the casket was closed for the last time. The bearers waited in silent grief for the moment. At 8:30 the black casket, covered with palmetto leaves, sprays of violets and a wreath of white roses, was lifted by the undertaker's assistants and borne from the room. The silent form of Chester Arthur passed through the door of his earthly tenement for the last time and was reverently placed in the hearse. As the casket came in view of the people in the street every head was uncovered reverently and many eyes were filled with tears in the throng thus hushed in the presence of death. There was no display of pomp or ceremony, no military music or procession, but the mighty throng of sorrowing people bore witness to their love and respect for the deceased statesman.

First came out of the residence Chester Arthur, Jr. Leaning on his arm, clad in garments of mourning, was his sister, Miss Nellie. They passed to their carriage accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. McElroy. Then came Mrs. Cams, Mrs. Dunesworth and Miss Arthur, the sister of the ex-president; President Cleveland, Postmaster General Vilas Secretary Bayard, Whitney and Lamar; the pallbearers, ex-Postmaster General Key, ex-Secretaries Lincoln and Folger, ex-Assistant Postmaster General Hatton, ex-Attorney General Brewster, Lieutenant General Sheridan, Chief Justice Waite and Justices Horton and Bradford, Senators Edmunds, Sherman, Logan, Evarts, Hawley, Morrill, Vest and Gorman and Governor Hill. The mourners filled twenty-five carriages, but over 100 carriages filled with friends, who had been unable to gain admission to the house, followed the procession to the church.

ALBANY, N. Y., November 22.—The train bearing the remains of ex-President Arthur reached Albany at 12.20 o'clock this afternoon. Owing to the fact that there was no public announcement of the time of arrival, no crowd gathered at the station. The remains were at once taken to Rural cemetery where they were followed by common council in a body, the Grant club and other delegations. At the grave the Rt. Rev. Wm. Croswel Doane, bishop of Albany, in full robes of his office, stepped to the evergreen-lined grave and taking some earth from that thrown up from the opening, dropped three handfuls on the oaken board of the outer box, reciting the beautiful committal service of the Episcopal church. The bishop then offered prayer and pronounced the benediction. The earth was thrown in the grave and pressed down, and when the dusk of evening began to settled on the forest and hill deft hands covered the newly made mound with sheets of sod.

Jail Delivery.

Special to the Altoona Tribune.

HUNTINGDON, Pa, Nov. 23.—A general jail delivery occurred here at an early hour this morning, resulting in the escape of four notorious and dangerous characters named William Walker, Samuel Shetram, John Carr, colored, and John Fremont. The two former were awaiting trial for burglary and train wrecking, and the two latter for riot. Walker and Shetram are now suspected of belonging to the gang of counterfeiters of which John Wilson was the head, at whose house there were recently found a kit of counterfeiters' tools.

The escaped prisoners were confined in cells in the newly built portion of the jail, and by means of a sharp file they succeeded at intervals in filing the thread from the staples in the cell locks, which with a slight pressure could be forced from their fastening. This file was taken from them last night, but no inspection of their cells was made at the time. At about 2 o'clock this morning they forced open their cell doors and stealthily crawled past the sheriff's quarters to the lower corridor, where, with the aid of an iron bed-post, they quarried their way through the thick stone wall into the jail yard, from which they escaped by scaling the wall. After their escape they went to the house in Portstown where they were given a bounteous repast.

A reward of $100 is offered for their capture. This makes the ninth jail delivery that has occurred here in three years, during which time about 20 prisoners have escaped.

Warren Keith, of Spruce Creek, who, with his brother, John, and Louis Hall, broke up a church festival at that place on Saturday night, and who escaped from the officers yesterday, came here this morning and surrendered himself, saying that his conscience troubled him so that he preferred a place behind the bars.

Manager Hoxie Dead.

NEW YORK, Nov. 23.—H. M. Hoxie, general manager of the Gould South western system, and first vice president of the Missouri Pacific railroad, died in this city at an early hour this morning. Manager Hoxie came from St. Louis to New York with his wife and niece in October, with the hope of benefiting his health. A corps of physicians has been with him almost constantly, so critically did his case appear. His labors during the strike on the Missouri Pacific railway broke him down and he has been an invalid ever since. He suffered from gall stones, and underwent an operation on this account a few months ago. Mr. Hoxie was of humble origin. A poor boy in Polk county, Iowa, he became the hostler of a country inn at a time when immigration was pouring into the state, and thus became acquainted with men of prominence who stopped at the hotel on their way eastward. He entered local politics at the time the war broke out. In 1864-65 he was chairman of the state central committee and secured such immense majorities for his party in Iowa that he was rewarded with the post of United States marshal. Removing to Palestine, Texas, he became connected with the International road, where he remained until he accepted offers in the Missouri Pacific service. Last year he was promoted to the first vice presidency of the latter road. He was one time a brakeman on the Union Pacific and was subsequently conductor of a gravel train on one of the divisions of the same road.

McQuade's Jury Disagrees.

NEW YORK, November 23.—The McQuade jury reported at 5.30 o'clock that they were unable to agree.

The McQuade jury reported at 9.30 to-night that they were unable to agree and were locked up for the night. It is said they stand two for conviction and two for acquittal.

ADDITIONAL LOCAL NEWS.

Murderer McMeen Recaptured.

Special by Telephone to the Daily News.

LEWISTOWN, Nov. 23. 1886.

McMeen, the murderer, who escaped from the Juniata county jail a week ago, was recaptured at 3 o'clock this afternoon in a barn about two miles from Mifflin. The barn belonged to Mr. Caufman, and McMeen was found concealed beneath the straw. This recapture was made by Sheriff Fowles and Deputy Sheriff Lapp, assisted by Mr. McDonald. They were searching in the barn and stepped on him as he lay in the straw. They siezed him before he had opportunity to use a large revolver with which he was armed.

Carter, the negro who escaped at the same time, was captured on Monday night at his father's house about eight miles from Mifflin, his father having given information concerning him.

—Several ladies were complaining on Friday evening that the streets are very dark, there being some electric lights which do not perform their duty in illuminating. The place which seemed to them particularly dark is in the vicinity of the Episcopal church.

Shoes & Clothing.

Do You Want?

——)o(——

Do you want a handsome cloth dress, A beautiful Tricot—a stylish homespun—for less than any where else—come and buy of us.

Lyon & Co.

Do you want a short coat?
Do you want a long coat?
Do you want a stylish Jersey coat?
Do you want a stylish Boucle coat?
Do you want any kind of a nice new style coat or wrap? Come and buy of us.

Lyon & Co.

Do you want a cheap cloth dress?
Do you want a good cloth dress?
Do you want good Flannels cheap?
Do you want a good shawl?
Do you want a cheap shawl?
Come and buy of us.

Lyon & Co.

Do you want Dry goods,
Dress goods, Flannels, shawls,
Skirts, Knit Hoods, Cashmeres, cheap Plaids, good Plaids,
Come and buy of us.

Lyon & Co.

Do you want cheap Jerseys?
Do you want good Jerseys?
Do you want cheap gloves?
Do you want good gloves?
Do you want cheap corsets?
Do you want good corsets?
Do you want cheap Hose?
Do you want good Hose?
Do you want children's Wool Hose?
Do you want Ladies' good or cheap Wool Hose?
Do you want Knit underwear?
Red underwear,
Come and buy of us.

Lyon & Co.

Do you want a cheap shoe?
Do you want a good shoe?
Do you want a fine shoe?
Do you want a dressy shoe?
Do you want a warranted shoe?
Do you want a French Kid shoe?
Do you want an old lady's soft shoe?
Do you want a child's shoe?
A Misses' shoe?
Come and buy of us.

Lyon & Co.

Do you want a child's suit?
Do you want a boy's suit?
Do you want a school suit?
Do you want a youth's suit?
Do you want a man's suit?
Do you want a real cheap suit?
Do you want a good heavy suit?
Do you want a Dress suit?
Do you want a fine suit?
Do you want any kind of a suit?
Come and buy of us.

Lyon & Co.

Do you want a coarse boot?
Do you want a fine boot?
Do you want a dress boot?
Do you want a working boot?
Do you want a child's boot?
Do you want a boy's boot?
Do you want a youth's boot?
Come and buy of us.

Lyon & Co.

Do you want a flannel shirt?
A cloth shirt?
A well-made shirt?
A good fitting shirt?
Come and buy of us.

LYON & CO.

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Court Cullings for November Term.

MUCH BUSINESS BEFORE THE GRAND JURY —OTHER BUSINESS TRANSACTED.

Court convened at 10 o'clock a. m. on Monday with President Judge Furst and Associates Smith and Munson on the bench. The usual number of motions was made and petitions presented, rules granted, &c., when court adjourned till 2 o'clock p. m.

In the afternoon session the Grand Jury was called and sworn. Mr. J. H. Mitchell, of College township, was made foreman. We are informed by District Attorney Heinle that there is considerable business for the Grand Jury this court.

In the court of Common Pleas the following cases were disposed of.

Webner Butler vs. Thomas Butler. Judgment confessed in favor of plaintiff for $42.45.

J. W. Beck vs. Jeremiah Treaster. Case settled by each paying one-half of docket costs.

Harvey Pifer vs. Samuel Aley. Judgment confessed in favor of plaintiff for $100 with stay of execution till April, 1887.

Jonathan Reiter vs. William Whitner & Co. Jury called who returned a verdict in favor of defendant.

The following bills were disposed of by the Grand Jury:

Commonwealth vs. Grant Shaffer, assault and battery. True bill.

Same vs. Daniel Shears, horse stealing. True bill.

Same vs. William A. Bodle, f. and b. Defendant pleads guilty and is sentenced the usual sentence.

Same vs. William Durnell and Mrs. William Durnell, assault and battery. Bill ignored and prosecutrix, Mrs. O'Brien, to pay costs.

Same vs. William Woods, f. and b. True bill.

Same vs. Walter Eckert, larceny. True bill.

Same vs. John Iddings, malicious mischief. True bill.

Same vs. Joseph Caselberry and Frank Deitz, supervisors of Howard township, neglecting to keep roads in proper repair.

Same vs. Puella Zeigler, larceny. True bill. Defendant pleads guilty. Sentence suspended and defendant entered into recognizance in sum of $300 to appear in court when called for.

The case of the Commonwealth vs Walter Eckert, for stealing a pair of shoes from A. C. Mingle, came before a jury. Eckert was found guilty and sentenced to the county jail for six months, and to pay costs and $1 fine.

Same vs. Daniel Shears for stealing a horse in Rush township, plead guilty. Was sentenced to the penitentiary for one year and six months.

Most of the civil cases were settled by the parties. In the case of Jonathan Reiter against William Whitmer & Co., the jury returned a verdict for the defendants.

THE POLITICAL DISTURBANCE.

The Grand Jury, on Wednesday, completed their examinations of the charges against the persons connected with the disturbance in front of the *Watchman* office on the day of Blaine's reception in Bellefonte. A true bill was found against W. V. Emory and also against Evey, Sommers, and Gibbons. The bill was ignored so far as Dr. Christ, of Lemont, J. A. Feidler, of the *Keystone Gazette*, A. V. Miller, of Pleasant Gap, and Everhart are concerned.

P. S.—All the persons against whom true bills were found plead guilty. Emory was fined $75 and costs and the others each $25 and costs.

A wonderful Entertainment.

The Noss Family, who occupied the boards of Humes' Hall on Tuesday evening, certainly furnished the most wonderful entertainment of its kind ever given in Bellefonte. It was delightful from beginning to end. The family are artists, every one of them, from the petite Bertha to Mr. H. Noss, *pater familias*.

To begin with, each one of the family is of very pleasing appearance, graceful and airy in movement. As a cornet band they play artistically and each one manipulates his or her separate instrument with consummate skill. Little Bertha seems to be an entire entertainment herself, and it is truly a treat to see her beat the big base drum with as much effect as it can be done by a man. Perfect ease and even enjoyment characterize all her movements which also can be said of all the others. May Noss is a beautiful vocalist. She has but to open her mouth and the delightful notes come rippling out as naturally as a rose blossoms in June. Flora is also a good singer and a pleasing actress.

We would also like to give special mention to the boys, Ferd and Frank, who play and act charmingly, and also to Misses Lottie and Flora, who are lovely and gifted, but space will not permit. The costumes are handsome and the family present a beautiful appearance on the stage. The patronage Tuesday night was not what it should have been. We consider the Noss Family 100 per cent. superior to any musical family we have ever heard.

—When Officer Vernes, of Renovo took P. L. Dibble, convicted of robbing the Nittany Valley post-office, to Pittsburg, about a month since, he was informed that the post-office at Woodland, Clearfield county, had also been robbed. The officer did not think much about the matter just at the time, but afterwards he conned it over in his mind and arrived at the conclusion that it would do no harm to look up the facts. He had, however, forgotten exactly what the name of the post-office was, and so he wrote to Woodland, Clearfield county, Woodward, Centre county, and Woodlong, Beaver county. Judge of his astonishment when he received a letter from each of these postmasters stating that each office had suffered depredations at the hands of the post office burglar, and evidence has been furnished showing that the gay and festive Dibble had a hand in them all. All of these offices' names begin with "Wood."

Newsy Notes from Stormstown.

STORMSTOWN, PA., Nov. 22, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: A great fuss was raised a the house of Mr. H. G. Elder a short time ago. A young boy came to his home and as the infant wanted a friend Mr. Elder, in great kindness, took him in and clothed him in fine linen. His name for the present will be Hollow A. Cryer.

Mrs. John Wilson is slowly recovering from a severe attack of fever.

Emory McAfee brought in two wild turkeys the other day.

Mr. Musser, Milesburg funny man, was at the dedication of the G. A. R. hall on the 18th and kept the crowd in a roar of laughter all the time he was speaking. We hope he will come again in the near future.

The best joke of the season is on 'Squire Lever, of this place. On the night of the election ten or twelve persons went to Port Matilda to get the news. They arrived home about twelve o'clock, cheering for Beaver. Just about the time they commenced cheering in front of Mr. Lever's house a flower table gave way in his sitting room and came to the floor with a crash that shook the whole house. The 'Squire, in his fright, leaped out of bed and, yelling "earthquake!" fell over a rocking chair, demolishing the chair and breaking two of his ribs. Naturally, the 'Squire has been complaining ever since.

I had the pleasure of helping to eat a wild turkey at the house of John A. Hunter on Friday last. Mr. George Loner was there and you wouldn't have thought that he had eaten fully a peck of baked beans the night before at the bean bake.

The Rev. Mr. Whitney, of Altoona, and the Rev. Mr. Forges, of Bellwood were in attendance at the dedication of the G. A. R. Hall; also Captain Curtin, of Milesburg Post, and William Fry, of Pine Grove. CORPORAL.

—The Rev. Dunmire, of the Altoona *Independent*, and Mrs. Furey of the Altoona *Sunday Morning*, are engaged in a war of words in their respective publications. Each of them can handle the Queen's English with considerable effect, but we have every reason to believe that there is no danger of a duel.

—Lock Haven, which is several years behind the rest of the world, is just agitating the subject of introducing electric light. We'll bet Bellefonte has natural gas before Lock Haven gets electricity.

—McMurtrie & Seibert have started a meat market on High street in the room under Cal. Green's barber shop. They have fitted it up quite neatly and will sell choice meats at reasonable rates.

—A party of hunters, among whom were Rev. Geo. D. Penepacker of Tyrone and Thos. H. Murray, Esq., of Clearfield, spent a week in the woods and succeeded in getting three deer.

—William Jones says that the turkey dinner and oyster supper provided by the ladies of the Reformed church, Thursday, were the best he ever sat down to on such an occasion.

SPECIAL MENTION.

A Horrible Form

of malarial disease is dumb ague. Constant drowsiness, sleep interrupted by a chill, succeeded by a consuming heat, and that by an exhausting sweat. A sensation as of numbness from cold, but no shaking attends it. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters invariably eradicates it, though it is the most obstinate form of miasma-born disease. To conquer it with quinine is as impossible as to battle down Gibraltar with a howitzer. Malarial disorders of every kind are attended with derangement of the liver, a fact evinced by the saffron tint which the skin assumes in such diseases. For this symptom, as well as for its cause, the Bitters is a certain remedy. Constipation, dyspepsia, rheumatism, and inactivity of the kidneys and bladder, are also relieved by this fine alternative.

—Mr. W. A. Brown, formerly of Spring Mills, is now located at 145 West Third St., Williamsport, Pa. He is dealing extensively in music and instruments for bands and orchestras and is also publishing a monthly musical journal, No. 1 of Vol. 1 having reached this office. It is neatly printed and well edited. The first issue contains a portrait of Daniel Repasz, founder of the famous Repasz band.

Babies that are fretful, peevish, cross, or troubled with Windy Colic, Teething Pains, or Stomach Disorders, can be relieved at once by using Acker's Baby Soother. It contains no Opium or Morphine, hence is safe. Price 25 cents. Sold by WALTER W. BAYARD!

ANOTHER SUDDEN DEATH.

Hardly a week passes without the mention by the newspapers of sudden deaths, and of late the alarming frequency of the statement that death was caused by rheumatism or neuralgia of the heart cannot fail to have been noticed. In all probability many deaths attributed to heart disease are caused by these terrible diseases, which are far more dangerous than is generally considered. Is there any positive cure? The best answer to such a question is given by those who *have been cured* by the use of Athlophoros.

Greenfield, Mass., May 19, 1886.
I have been troubled with rheumatism in one of my knees for years, being at times laid up for several days. Athlophoros has entirely cured me. It has also cured two friends of mine who were the worst cases I ever saw, one of them a young man only 16 years old, who was so bad the doctors gave him up. Two bottles of your remedy entirely cured him.
GEO. W. SPURR, Mg'r Diamond Soap Co.

October 14, 1885.
Two bottles of Athlophoros cured me of inflammatory rheumatism. My family physician advised me to take it, saying he had done all he could, but could not give me any relief; but Athlophoros drove it away, and I am happy to say it has never come back. My daughter was also cured by half a bottle after suffering the pangs of rheumatism. MRS. JANE DOWNEY, 24 Pleasant St., Waterbury, Conn.

Northampton, Mass., May 21, 1886.
For many years I have been subject to rheumatism in its worst forms. During my last siege of sickness I was induced to try Athlophoros, and found it to be all it claimed to be, a cure for rheumatism.
LEVI I. CLARK.

Every druggist should keep Athlophoros and Athlophoros Pills, but where they cannot be bought of the druggist the Athlophoros Co., 112 Wall St., New York, will send either (carriage paid) on receipt of regular price, which is $1.00 per bottle for Athlophoros and 50c. for Pills.

For liver and kidney diseases, dyspepsia, indigestion, weakness, nervous debility, diseases of women, constipation, headache, impure blood, &c., Athlophoros Pills are unequaled. 9

Fall and Winter season of 1886-87. Full line of Woolens of every *description, style and color.* Leave your order now.
MONTGOMERY & Co., Tailors.

A Clear Complexion.

How can you expect a clear complexion when the blood is full of impurities and the stomach clogged? The blood becomes impure because the liver does not act properly and work off the poison from the system, and the certain results are blotches, pimples and eruptions. Purify the blood with Simmons Liver Regulator, and regulate the liver, stomach, and bowels, and then the skin will become clear.

English Spavin Liniment removes all Hard, Soft, or Calloused Lumps and Blemishes from horses, Blood Spavin, Curbs, Splints, Sweeny, Ringbone, Stifles, Sprains, Swellings, etc. Save $50 by use of one bottle. Warranted. Sold by F. POTTS GREEN, Druggist, Bellefonte.

Convenient pleasant, and certain in their results, are Acker's Dyspepsia Tablets. Recommended by physicians and endorsed by all who have used them. The best remedy for Dyspepsia, Flatulency, and Constipation. Guaranteed, and sold at 25c. by WALTER W. BAYARD

ITCH, PRAIRIE MANGE, and SCRATCHES of every kind cured in 30 Minutes by WOOLFORD'S SANITARY LOTION. Use no other. This never fails Sold by F. POTTS GREEN, Druggist, Bellefonte. 39 3m

The combination, proportion, and process in preparing Hood's Sarsaparilla are peculiar to this medicine, and unknown to others.

Bellefonte Markets.

BELLEFONTE, November 24 1886.

Red Wheat, new, per bushel	$ 80
Mixed Wheat new	75
Buckwheat	40
Rye per bushel	60
Corn (shelled)	45
Corn (ears)	40
Oats	25
Clovereed, fair to good	$4 00
do prime to extra prime	4 25
do choice	4 50
Flour, retail, per barrel	5 00
Flour, wholesale	4 25
Hay, choice timothy, per ton	$8.00—$10 00
Nova Scotia plaster	8 55

Provision Market.

Corrected by Valentines Store Co., "Limited."

Apples, dried, per pound	5
Cherries dried, per pound, seeded	12
Dried currants, per lb	10
New raisins, per lb	12½
Beans per quart	8
Fresh butter per pound	20
Cheese per pound	16
Country hams per pound	12
Hams, sugar cured	15
Shoulders	10
Break fast Bacon	12
Country Bacon	8
Lard per pound	8
Eggs per doz	25
New Potatoes, per bushel	40
Dried beef	20
Canned Beef per pound	25
Country side, per lb	8
Canned tomatoes per can	12½—15
Canned corn "	10—12½
Lemons per doz	30
Dried sweet corn per pound	10
Apple butter, per gal	50
Roller flour, per sack	1 25
Tomatoes, per bus	40
Apples "	40

Miscellaneous.

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. *Sold only in cans.* ROYAL BAKING POWDER, Co 106 Wall St., N. Y. 18 17 1y

Happenings at Howard.

HOWARD, PA., NOV. 23, 1886,

MR. EDITOR: We paid a visit to Rev. Mr. Bardens at Eagleville and had quite a pleasant chat about the prospects of his charge. He also showed us their newly-repaired church and we think the people of Eagleville may well feel proud of such a handsome room. It is papered and painted very handsomely and everything is very convenient. The study is to the right of the pulpit elevation, and is ornamented with pictures and all that is necessary. Mr. Bardens knows how to entertain his visitors, and we think that his influence will be felt in the building up of the charge he is laboring for.

Dr. L. R. Hensyl and family were at Millersburg over Sunday attending the funeral of Mrs. Hensyl's mother.

Mr. William Long came home from Indiana where he was going to school for some time. He looks well and is now resting for a time at the home of his father, J. Z. Long.

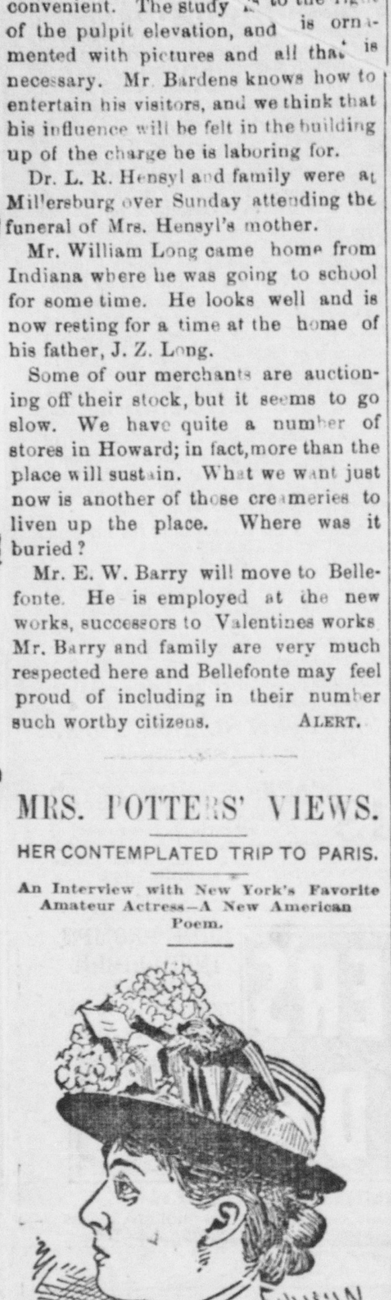
Some of our merchants are auctioning off their stock, but it seems to go slow. We have quite a number of stores in Howard; in fact, more than the place will sustain. What we want just now is another of those creameries to liven up the place. Where was it buried?

Mr. E. W. Barry will move to Bellefonte. He is employed at the new works, successors to Valentines works. Mr. Barry and family are very much respected here and Bellefonte may feel proud of including in their number such worthy citizens. ALERT.

MRS. POTTERS' VIEWS.

HER CONTEMPLATED TRIP TO PARIS.

An Interview with New York's Favorite Amateur Actress—A New American Poem.



MRS. JAMES BROWN POTTER.

"Yes," said Mrs. James Brown Potter, a few days ago, "I am going to France for the winter." She had just returned from a six-mile walk around Tuxedo Lake, and as she sat in the pretty parlor of her cottage her cheeks flushed with exercise, her eyes bright with health, her stately figure clad in a yachting suit which had pleased the taste of the Prince of Wales at Cowes last Summer, she seemed more than worthy of all the praise which has been accorded her remarkable beauty. "It is not," she continued, "from any disloyalty to my native land that I hurry back to Europe. An American is always an American. But my uncle, you know, is at present our Minister to France, and I shall take advantage of that fact to spend the winter in Paris. I want to study the French language and literature and French art at the very fountain heads. You see I have been a good deal of a traveler and wandering about is a habit which grows on one. I have been to the Holy Land. Mr. Potter and I spent a Fourth of July two years ago just across the Arctic Circle in Norway. We were looking for the midnight sun and found starvation. We were snowed up for a long time and had nothing to eat for thirty-six hours. I shall leave New York for France on the Gascoigne on the 6th of November. Meanwhile I have a great many duties engaging my attention. You know I am publishing a book of recitations for the use of amateurs. It will contain about seventy-five pieces which are, in my opinion, especially fitted to interest an audience. An audience doesn't care to listen to long descriptions. No matter how well a poet may paint the beauties of nature, his verse will never be popular for recitations unless he has the dramatic instinct. An audience grows restless if you do not talk to them of people, of human life, of something besides landscapes and metaphysics. An audience demands from a reciter a story of everyday existence, something which every man and woman within hearing knows to be true in conception if not in fact."

"And 'Ostler Jo,' you have him on the list?" was asked.

"Oh, yes; and a few poems which have never yet challenged public criticism. Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, who, by the way, is a charming lady, came out here to see me and said, before she left, that she would write me a poem adapted to recitation. She has sent it to me and I am delighted with it. It is destined to be very popular. It is called 'Two Sinners,' and illustrates the tendency of society to forgive a man who goes wrong while it remains unrelenting towards a woman who errs. The poem is both musical and dramatic and will be one of the striking features of my book. The Lippincotts, of Philadelphia, will bring out the little volume about the 1st of December. I have had to write to the American authors whose poems I use for permission to publish their verses. I am in receipt of some delightful letters. Whittier, Saxe and John Hay are among those who have written me. The latter sent me a most charming note. His 'Jim Bludsoe' I am very fond of, as I am a Southerner, you know. The Prince of Wales never tired of this piece and often asked me to recite it. Mr. Hay, among other things, wrote that when he heard Charlotte Cushman recite 'Jim Bludsoe' he wondered who wrote it. Mr. Gilder's 'After Sorrow's Night' was also very popular in England. It was surprising to me to find the English so enthusiastic about my simple method of delivery. They seem to admire a quiet and subdued manner in an elocutionist much more than do my own countrymen. A peculiar thing happened to me not long ago. A Mrs. Runcie, from somewhere out West, called on me one day and said that she had traveled 2,000 miles to ask me to use her poems in my recitations. I have chosen for my book a poem by her called 'To My Love,' which I think will please the public. I think my collection ought to be very useful to amateur elocutionists, as it is the result of years of sifting from hundreds of recitative poems. The Prince of Wales has written to me asking for the first copy, which shall be sent him. I am going to dedicate the little volume to Browning. I am very fond of Browning. In reply to my letter asking him if I might dedicate my book to him I received to-day a most charming note. He says: 'Your pleasant piece of kindness finds me away from home, but I make haste to answer that I shall be honored and (what is better) gratified by the proof you propose to give me that I have not wholly dropped from out that admirable memory of yours.' I was much amused at the interest Mr. Browning took in Chicago. He piled me with questions at a dinner one evening about Chicago, and seemed to feel that his poetry was more fully appreciated in that city than anywhere else in America. Mr. Browning is a charming man. Of all my mementos of England I value his letters and the pins given me by the Prince of Wales the highest."

"What do you think of Wilson Barrett, Mrs. Potter?"

"Oh, I admire him very much. He was out here to see us Sunday night and had to wait three hours at the station as the train was late. I think he is a very remarkable actor. He has a peculiar magnetism which always wins an audience. Yes, I am very fond of Irving also. I was speaking to him one night of the great exhaustion caused by an evening devoted to recitations. 'Yes,' he said, 'the strain on an elocutionist is much greater than on an actor. An elocutionist has to paint his own scenery, portray various characters and bear the whole load of the evening's entertainment. An actor has none of these disadvantages and does not feel at the end of a long piece the exhaustion which comes of necessity to the elocutionist.' His words, I remember, recalled to my mind some remarks of Miss Mary Anderson regarding amateur theatricals. She said: 'Have nothing to do with them. They are a tremendous strain on the nerves and do not pay one who has a high ideal of dramatic art.'"

"But what am I to do?" continued Mrs. Potter. "It is almost impossible to say 'no,' when you are asked to play or recite for some deserving charity. Insane asylums, hospitals, &c., are continually asking for my services. I have sometimes recited at three or four different institutions in one evening. The physical strain is very great."

"You do not look as though you had received any permanent injury from your career as an elocutionist."

"No; I don't think I have. I possess a very elastic temperament. By the way, Munzig, a very brilliant artist, who was originally from Boston, but who has spent most of his time in Europe, has reached New York with a partially finished portrait of me, which is, from an artistic standpoint, a very remarkable production. It is in the Van Dyke manner, and I am in Henri Quatre costume. The artist has taken a studio in Washington square. I am very willing to go down to posterity as this man has painted me."

"Have you any special plans for your season in Paris?"

"No, none at all. I shall devote the winter to study and sight-seeing. My little daughter goes with me. She has forgotten all the French she used to know and I want her to recall it."

"There is a general impression, Mrs. Potter, that you are going on the stage. Do you care to say anything about it?"

"No. I am in receipt continually of large offers from managers, but, as I said before, I have no plans for the future beyond a few months' study in Paris."

"Will you not give me some of your impressions of English society?"

"I do not care to. You see I was received there with so much cordiality that I do not feel at liberty to make public the impressions I derived. I can frankly say, however, that English society has many delightful features. The Princess of Wales is the most gracious woman I ever met. She is both beautiful in person and sweet in disposition. London is so different from New York. In London I felt all the time as though I were at a great pleasure resort. There was none of that bustle and excitement which pervades social life in New York. Everybody seemed to have time to amuse themselves. There is something fascinating in the restfulness of London society life. The same *dolce far niente* which adds a charm to Newport and Lenox influences on a large scale the social atmosphere of London."—*N. Y. World.*

Knew His Superiority.

A new baby sister came to Otto's house not long ago, and he was interested and delighted beyond measure at sight of her. That night he prayed earnestly for the welfare of the newcomer. His aunt, who was putting him to bed, reminded him that he had not asked the Lord's blessing on his mother.

"Oh, so I didn't,' and down he went on his knees again. "And now, O Vord," he prayed, "b'ess mamma. Make her a dood mamma and make I mind mamma—but the baby's got to mind I."—*Boston Record.*

The city of Vienna, Austria, with a population of 750,000, has not a single free library.

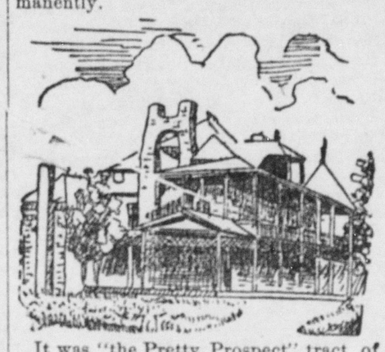
Connecticut is said to be the only State east of Nebraska where an attempt at suicide is not a legal misdemeanor.

Old Mr. Bently (reading the paper)—I see that Solomon has been indicted for bigamy. Old Mrs. Bently—Well, it's 'bout time. The idea of a man having 700 wives!—*N. Y. Sun.*

"PRETTY PROSPECT."

The President's Charming Country Home.

There has been a great deal of misinformation about the President's country seat. The grounds have figured as spacious domains, with "velvet lawns, deep-groved and spring-watered," and the house has posed as a cottage, a mansion, a homestead, and a feudal castle; whereas, in truth, the grounds are a few acres of gravelly land, one grove of really fine oaks, and the house resembles, in its new guise, a Swiss chalet with an addition of turreted chimneys, wide verandas and a commanding view of the city, the river and the hills of Maryland and Virginia. Those who have come back to the city from the mountains and the sea make an early pilgrimage to "Pretty Prospect." The other night there was placed at the gate, in lieu of the policeman who was there for months, a stretch of very barbed wire and an impassable twisted metal barrier which prevented a closer inspection; but that "made nothing," for everything is in the chaos of renovation, and partition lines are not defined permanently.



It was "the Pretty Prospect" tract of Rosedale, and has been a part of the Green estate since the settlement of Maryland. The house is built of stone, quarried on the place, and mortared together as it broke away under the blasting, so its face is irregular to a picturesque degree, and the stone varies in color from a rich seal-brown to a dull chrome-yellow. The two massive chimneys that flanked the east and west walls have been run up on the base lines, dividing on the second story about a large window and climbing into a castellated finish. The roof is steep, low-hanging, and red enough to answer for a beacon. A quaint little hood of a dormer is drawn over the front at the best point of view, and a large porte-cochere is built out on the side. The trees about the house are young, of slight growth, and inconsiderable yet as ornaments, but the sharp point of the maple and the sturdy black walnut promise future shade and beauty.

The landscape gardeners are at work, and already have the rough edges polished away. The place is simple and unpretending, $10,000 more than covering the sum to be expended on repairs and improvements, and it will not be even as well turned out as several of the adjoining seats.

The Tenallytown road borders it on the west, and to the southward stretches the Woodley lane—the highway that leads through the Rock Creek region—and away to the northward and eastward rise the outlying spurs of the Blue Mountains. The city in the rising and setting sun seems to float like a halcyon's nest on the burnished surface of the mist streaming up from the river, while the Capitol and the monument (dwarfed for once into moderate height) look like royal milestones set to proclaim the march our fair city makes toward perfect beauty.—*Washington Cor.*

A Compromise.

A ranchman from Concho county went into Mose Schaumburg's Austin clothing emporium last week. He got into dispute, knocked Mose down, blackened the eye of young Jake, and used frontier language to Mrs. Schaumburg. Mose had the ranchman arrested for this and for slandering him by publicly proclaiming on the streets that he was a thief. The ranchman sent his lawyer to Mose with a view to having the matter settled.

"You offers me," said Mose, "ten tollars. Mine gracious! dot vas an insult. Ten tollars vor my vounded feelings! Ten tollars vor Jakey's black eye! Ten tollars vor dose pad vords at Rebecca! Und he ruin my gharacter by galling me a thief. Vy, my vriend, dot gharacter by itself vas vorth more as ten tollars. I dells you vot ve do, make it dwelve tollar and a halluf and ve galls it squvare."—*Texas Siftings.*

A Doctor at Breakfast.

Cassell's Family Magazine.

Over and over again have I advocated the use of oatmeal in these columns. For breakfast or supper, what a stay and support to life is good porridge! Not over long boiled, however, and made of a medium oatmeal, and eaten with butter or milk, or both.

Oat cakes again—not the horrid imitation they sell at the confectioners'—but wholesome home griddle-baked cakes, with nothing in them but oatmeal and salt and a pinch of carbonate of soda, are excellent.

As to flour bread I am, of course, a firm believer in the whole-meal bread, in which there is more nutriment and less binding qualities. Bread should never be eaten new. It should be a day old at least. Even toast ought to be made from stale bread. Toast should be thin and allowed to cool, if for breakfast. But toast for tea may be, and is better, thick. Here is my receipt: Cut the slices from a loaf a day old, with a strong sharp knife; let the slices be one inch thick or more. Toast them slowly, then butter abundantly, pricking the surface with the knife's point that the butter may run well in. Crush the edges of the toast with the back of the knife, sprinkle a little salt over the surface, and eat while hot.

But independent of oatmeal and flour, there are many valuable farinaceous foods which are, unhappily for our population, made to take a back seat in the scale of diet. Lentils, peas, and maize are among the number.

If those who suffer from dyspepsia could only be got firmly to believe that frequent change of diet is most essential to well being, and believing this, were to give these farinæ a fair trial, thousands among them would be restored to health and be dyspeptics no longer.

A House of Straw.

A house of straw is being constructed in this city to be erected in the grounds of the American exhibition in London, where a favorable site has been secured for it. It is an American suburban villa of the most approved architectural design, two and a half stories high and covering a space of forty-two by fifty feet. It is built entirely of material manufactured from straw, the inside finish being a handsome imitation of rosewood and other hardwoods. The building will be devoted to the illustration of Philadelphia's commercial, financial and industrial interests by means of photographic views reproduced by the photo-print process. The views will include the leading banks, newspaper offices, exchanges, schools, hotels, ect.

The second flood of the building will be divided into offices, a general exchange for the transaction of business connected with the exhibits, and a reading room.—*Phil'a Times*

All Sorts.

A marriage in high life—a wedding in the attic.

A party question—"What time do you think they will have supper?"

Mr. Evarts recently remarked to a clerk: "Mark my words," and the clerk, though industrious, and willing, threw up the place.

Sommerville Journal: A solicitor who was remarkable for the length and sharpness of his nose once told a lady that if she did not immediately settle a matter in a dispute he would file a bill against her. "Indeed, sir," said the lady, "there is no necessity for you to file your bill, for I am sure it is sharp enough already."

A merchant called his creditors together. One opened hotly upon him: "Sir, you must have managed shamefully!" "Be calm, my dear sir; you shall lose nothing; I am paying my creditors thirty cents on a dollar: but you—to you I will return your goods back; you shall be perfectly safe." "What! me take my goods back? Why do you want to rob me alone? No, sir; give me thirty per cent. too, like the rest!"

He Should Have Patience

A telegraph operator in Milwaukee was one day trying to call up an office in a small town in the interior of the state, where the instrument was presided over by a woman.

He was about giving up in despair, when the operator in another small town a few miles distant from the first ticket out the query:

"What in heaven's name do you want?"

"I want Miss Brown at Burgville," replied the Milwaukee man. "I have been trying to get her for the last half hour."

"That is nothing," came the reply. There is a young fellow clerking in a dry goods store there who has been trying to get her for the last three years and he has not succeeded yet. Do not get discouraged."—*Chicago Rambler.*

MUCH has been said, remarks a Washington correspondent, about the "detestable spy system" in connection with the Washington police scandal, and much indignation has been expressed in some places that members of Congress as well as other people, should be subjected to espionage. However that may be, a certain Representative in Congress was run into the station house one night last week for getting up a row after midnight in a disreputable part of the city. He was permitted to register as a clerk under a fictitious name, while a cab was called and an officer detailed to see him safe in his lodging house. It is useless to say what would been done with him if he had really been a "clerk" and it is bad that such distinctions should be made and that the law-breaker should go unpunished because he is a law-maker.

THE Russian government has made an official explanation of the recall of General Kaulbars from Bulgaria, which appears to signify a rupture of Russia's relations with the regency now administering the affairs of that country, but has no immediate bearing on the possibility of war. That the regents would bring Prince Alexander back to the throne if it were possible is shown by the dispatches in which they conveyed to him their congratulations on the anniversary of the battle of Slivnitza.

—The Tyrone correspondent of the Altoona *Tribune* on Tuesday remarked: "Col. —, a gentleman named for a high position, passed through yesterday." Oh, yes; and several hundred million other people passed through yesterday, but what they would like to know positively is whether they will pass through to-day and to-morrow and about 365 succeeding days.

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Publisher of "REPUBLICAN."

Between the Acts. (undecidedly)—"I wonder how long the intermission will be this time?" She (decidedly)—"You will probably have time to go out and get another drink, but you need not trouble yourself about coming back. There is a young man over there who stayed in this seat during the last intermission just to flirt with me, and he will see me safely home in case you do not return." He (settling himself)—"All right. I'll stay here and let him go out and get a drink this time."—*Lowell Citizen.*

"I CALLED on Miss Snobson last night,' said young Slims lispingly, "and when I went in she frowned and said: 'You here again?' Then she yawned all the evening and looked at the clock, and when I went away she didn't shake hands or ask me to come again. Now if she does that many more times I'll stop going there."—*Life.*

Of the 7,000,000 larks which are said to be killed annually in France, the gourmets of the metropolis are credited with consuming about one third.

Medical.

Salt Rheum

The agonies of those who suffer from severe salt rheum are indescribable. The cleansing, healing, purifying influences of Hood's Sarsaparilla are unequalled by any other medicine.

"I take pleasure in recommending Hood's Sarsaparilla, for it has done wonders for me. I had salt rheum very severely, affecting me over nearly my entire body. Only those who have suffered from this disease in its worst form can imagine the extent of my affliction. I tried many medicines, but failed to receive benefit until I took Hood's Sarsaparilla. Then the disease began to subside, the

Agonizing Itch and Pain

disappeared, and now I am entirely free from the disease. My blood seems to be thoroughly purified, and my general health is greatly benefited." LYMAN ALLEN, Sexton N. E. Church, North Chicago, Ill.

"My son had salt rheum on his hands and the calves of his legs, so bad that they would crack open and bleed. He took Hood's Sarsaparilla and is entirely cured." J. E. STANTON, Mt. Vernon, Ohio.

From 108 to 135

"I was seriously troubled with salt rheum for three years, and receiving no benefit from medical treatment I decided to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. I am now entirely cured of salt rheum; my weight has increased from 108 lbs. to 135." MRS. ALICE SMITH, Stamford, Conn.

If you suffer from salt rheum, or any blood disease, try Hood's Sarsaparilla. It has cured many others, and will cure you.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration having been granted the undersigned upon the estate of William Pennington, dec'd, late of Walker township, Centre Co., Pa., all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present the same duly authenticated for settlement.

18 43 3t J. C. ZIMMERMAN,
Zion, Centre Co., Pa., Oct. 21, Administrator.

WIDE AWAKE PROSPECTUS FOR 1887.

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The Story of Keedon Bluffs. By Charles Egbert Craddock, author of "The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains," "Down the Ravine," etc. Illustrated by Edmund H. Garrett.

Romulus and Remus. By Charles Remington Talbot. This story is not a tale of ancient Rome, but modern high comedy

The Secrets at Roseladies. By H M Catherwood. Western life on the Wabash. Illus. by Hy Sandham.

HOWLING WOLF and his TRICK PONY by Mrs Lizzie W Champney. The hair-breadth adventures of a bright little Indian boy.

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BALLADS ABOUT OLD-TIME AUTHORS. By Harriet Prescott Spofford. Twelve picturesque story poems. Richly and authentically illustrated by Edmund H Garrett.

Famous Pets. By Eleanor Lewis. A series of papers comprising rich contributions of facts, anecdotes, descriptions, engravings and photographs from noted people.

A New Department, called the Contributors' Fire side and round-table corner of the magazine. At Christmas the young folks are to meet Mrs James T Fields Mrs A D T Whitney, Margaret Sidney, Susan Coolidge and Sarah O Jewett.

Concord: Its Ways and By-ways. By Margaret Sidney. Papers about this historic and literary Mecca. Liberally illustrated from photographs by Mr A W Hosmer.

Christmas-Tide Stories. A 'Pretty Scarecrow,' by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. 'Patty and Buster,' two stories by Mrs. Jessie Benton Fremont. 'A Christmas Masquerade,' by Mary E. Wilkins.

A "Lend-a-Hand" Group. A 'Helping Hand,' by Mrs James T Fields. 'A Livelihood for Girls,' by Margaret Sidney. 'The Boston Girls' Friendly Society,' by Mrs Henry Whitman, etc.

Flowers I have Met. By Grant Allen. Observations upon plants and flowers along New England and Canadian roadsides and fields.

Washington and his Playmates. By Wm F Carne. New material from Virginia records and recollections

Successful American Women. By Sarah K Bolton. Twelve inspiring papers, with portraits.

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Bellefonte Republican.

By EDWARD T. TUTEN.

Death of Ex-President Arthur.

NEW YORK, Nov. 18.—Ex-President Chester A. Arthur died at 5 o'clock this morning at his residence, No. 123 Lexington avenue. He had been ailing for some time from a combination of diseases, principally kidney affection. He had spent the summer at a watering place, and it was supposed that this had strengthened somewhat his enfeebled constitution. His death was unexpected, it not being supposed outside of his home that he was in any immediate danger. A stroke of celebral apoplexy, sudden but not wholly unexpected by the attending physicians, terminated his life. The stroke came in his sleep between Tuesday night and Wednesday morning, and he did not rally thereafter. His death was painless, the slow going out of a burned-down candle, and for hours before the end came he was unconscious of his surroundings. His son and daughter, his sister, his former law partner, Sherman W. Knevals, and his closest friend, Surrogate Rollins, were at his bedside. All reports to the contrary, Mr. Arthur's health had not improved during his stay in New London six weeks ago, and at his return on October 1st he was no better than when he left the city.

It was after midnight when his attendant left him alone in his bed room and nothing was heard of him during the early morning hours. He was not disturbed until his attendant entered his room at 8 o'clock yesterday morning He found Mr. Arthur lying on his side breathing heavily and could not rouse him. The family answered his summons, but failed to elicit any signs of consciousness or recognition from the ex-president. In alarm they summoned his physician, Dr. George A. Peters, who has been in attendance upon Mr. Arthur throughout his illness, and who responded promptly and at once, saw that he was suffering from a stroke of cerebral apoplexy. A small blood vessel in the brain had burst, and paralysis of the right side had ensued.

From the moment the discovery was made all hope was known to be vain, but no effort was spared to bring the patient back to consciousness. They were all alike failures. Mr. Arthur lay motionless and speechless all day. He knew what was going on about him, for he squeezed his doctor's hand and put out his tongue partly when asked to do so, but he never spoke or gave any other sign of consciousness Last night at 6 o'clock the enfeebled pulse, more difficult respiration and other signs of physical failure indicated to the watchful eyes of his physicians that the end was drawing near. A change for the worse came on rapidly, and his sisters and children gathered at his bedside. Dr. William A. Valentine, Dr. Peters and Surrogate Rollins stayed with them during the night. Mr. Knevals went home at midnight. Mr. Arthur's strength ebbed out slowly and with it his life. It was 5 o'clock when the end came. He had been entirely senseless for hours and died without a struggle.

The funeral will take place on Monday at 9 a. m. from the church of the Heavenly Rest on Fifth avenue, the Rev. Parker Morgan officiating. Mr. Arthur was not a member of any church but his wife formerly attended that church. One of the most distinctive features of the ex-president's was his strong loyalty to her memory. Mr. Arthur's remains will be buried in the Albany Rural cemetery in the family plot.

A Brief Sketch of the Career of the Dead ex-President.

Chester Alan Arthur was the twenty-first president of the republic, and the only son of Vermont who had attained this distinction.

He was born in Fairfield, Franklin county, Vermont, October 5, 1830, being thus in his 57th year when death suddenly ended his earthly career. His father was the Rev. William Arthur, a Baptist clergyman, who came to this country from Ireland when 18 years old. Chester was the eldest of a family of five children—two sons and three daughters. He fitted himself for college in the Vermont academies. At the age of 15 years he entered Union college at Schenectady, New York, where he graduated in the class of '49, when 19 years old. He partly paid his way at college by teaching.

As a young man President Arthur was Whig and a great admirer of Henry Clay.

In 1871 Mr. Arthur was appointed by President Grant collector of customs at the port of New York. So satisfactory was his work that he was re appointed four years later. He was continued for a time under President Hayes, and in this was shown the large business capacity previously manifested in his army affairs

In 1880, when the memorable third-term convention met at Chicago, Mr. Arthur was a delegate, and sat next to his friend, the Hon. Roscoe Conkling. He was Conkling's ablest and most trusted lieutenant. When after several stormy sessions Garfield became the nominee of that convention, the winning faction, to be generous, gave New York the privilege of naming a man for vice president. Senator Conkling named Chester A. Arthur. In the campaign which followed Mr. Arthur took an active part. He presided at the special session of the senate which followed his election. On July 2, 1881, President Garfield was shot by the assassin Guiteau September 19 he died from the wound inflicted, and Vice President Arthur took the oath of office as his legal successor. It was an unfortunate way of coming into the high office, yet Mr. Arthur conducted himself with the wisest discretion, and notwithstanding the tide of public sentiment which for a time swept against him he won upon the whole people and gave the country an acceptable presidential service. His grief and considerate conduct after the assassination won praise even from his enemies. The latter part of President Arthur's term was most satisfactory, especially to the business men of the country, and he was strongly urged and supported for a renomination in the convention of 1884 but suffered defeat.

A Crash on the Pan Handle.

PITTSBURG, November 18.—The limited express coming east on the Pittsburg, Cincinnati and St. Louis railroad, which was due in this city at 5.30 o'clock this morning, was wrecked by a land-slide at Jones Ferry, at the outskirts of the city. The heavy rains of the past thirty-six hours had loosened the earth along the road, and the conductor of the limited had been notified to proceed carefully. The train was running slowly, not more than ten miles an hour. Just as it reached Jones Ferry a mass of rocks and earth came tumbling down from a precipice forty feet above. The first part of the train escaped, but the huge mass crashed in the rear. The interior of the front car was almost completely demolished. It was the Cincinnati sleeper, and fortunately had a smaller number of passengers on it than any coach that has gone out of Cincinnati on the limited for months.

Among the injured were two who may die. David Arnheim, of Pittsburg, had his head badly cut and his body and breast crushed. He will get well. S. A. Bennett, of New York, was wedged in under the upper berth of one section. He has two long, ugly gashes on his head, one shoulder blade is broken and two ribs. It is thought he will recover. Captain O. A. Doud, of Pittsburg, received an ugly cut on the head and was slightly bruised, not dangerous. Mrs. Lieutenant Glass, of Fort Bayard, New Mexico, had one limb bruised and several cuts on her body. E. A. Curtis, of New York, was struck on the back and leg by large pieces of rock. He was seriously, though not dangerously, injured. J. C. Lyman, of Indianapolis, was badly cut about the head and body; not serious. A young lady from Terre Haute, Ind., whose name was not learned, was struck by flying pieces of rock and hurt about the hands and body. Mr. Fowler, of Washington, D. C., was slightly hurt about the body. He was within a foot of the largest rock landed upon the sleeper.

The Dead Ex-President.

NEW YORK, November 19.—There were numerous callers to-day at the residence of the late ex-President Arthur, and many messages of sympathy were received by the sorrowing relatives. Invitations will be sent out this evening to those who are to act as pall-bearers at the funeral, which has been postponed until Monday morning, in order to allow time for the arrival of several members of President Arthur's cabinet, and other distinguished men, who have telegraphed their desire to be present at the obsequies. The funeral ceremonies will be entirely without display. The remains will not lie in state, but after the services will be taken direct to Rural cemetery, Albany.

Mr. Arthur is supposed to have saved $100,000 of his salary as president. He owned real estate in this city on Sixth avenue above Central Park, also on the Boulevard, the Lexington avenue residence and property at Long Branch. The total estate, real and personal, is thought to be between $200,000 and $400,000. In the course of an interview Mr. Knevals said that he believed Mr. Arthur's will contained only private bequests. Alan and Nellie Arthur inherited from their mother property valued at about $100,000. It is understood that provision is made for the appointment of a well-known personal friend of Mr. Arthur as guardian for his daughter, who is about 14 years old.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 19.—This afternoon Attorney General Garland formally announced to the supreme court the death of ex-President Arthur. The court adjourned until Tuesday.

The President to-day is ued an executive order for the closing of the executive departments on Monday, the day set for the funeral of ex-President Arthur.

Steamers Collide.

NEW YORK, November 19.—There was a big collision between the steamships Beaconsfield and Britannia this morning about half-past 9 o'clock, between the Battery and Governor's Island. The collision also forced the steamship Vandyck ashore on the reef just off the Battery. The Beaconsfield is commanded by Captain Colt and is 1,118 tons. She was outward bound from Dow's Stores, Brooklyn, to Aberdeen, Scotland, with a general cargo. The Britannia is a French steamer, and was consigned to J. W. Elwell, of this city, with a general cargo from France and Gibraltar, which place she left November 4 and arrived this morning.

It appears that the Beaconsfield was proceeding outward and the Britannia coming in, both off the Battery, and the Beaconsfield steamed straight ahead. The Britannia tried to cross her bows but the strong wind swept her right down and her bow crashed through the iron plate on the port side of the Beaconsfield opposite her boilers, and cut her from the deck clear to the water edge, making a hole large enough to drive a row boat through.

The Britannia suffered but little through the accident, as she only had a hole through her stern piece, above the water's edge. As soon as the collision was noticed five or six towboats immediately steamed out to the assistance of the disabled steamers. The steamers were got apart, when it was found that the Beaconsfield was in a sinking condition and that the water was putting out her fires. Several tug boats immediately gave her lines and started for the flats off Ellis Island, so that she could not sink in the deep water. There the Beaconsfield sank.

The steamship Vandyke was proceeding down the East river bound to Liverpool with a general cargo, and her pilot, noticing the collision, tried to keep to one side of the channel, but it was not wide enough to pass by, and consequently she ran ashore on the reef right off the Battery, where she remained for some time with six or seven tug boats trying to pull her off. It is thought that a mistake may have been made in the signals of the two steamers and that the collision was caused in that way. The Britannia's gross tonage was 2,432. Her hailing port was Marseilles, France.

Abbot Pfraengle Elected.

NEWARK, Nov. 17.—After joining in the celebration of the mass at 8 o'clock yesterday morning, the monks of St. Mary's Abbey went into secret conference to elect a successor to Abbot Zilliox, who a few months ago resigned the position on account of ill health. Rev. Hilary Pfraengle, of St. Vincent Abbey, Latrobe, Pa., was chosen on the first ballot. His election gives general satisfaction. It was at first supposed that Father Gerard, of this city, would be chosen, but when the announcement was made of the result not a word of dissension was heard. The abbacy was created in 1884, and in the following February Abbot Zilliox, who has just resigned, was elected. The jurisdiction extends from Maine to Virginia.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetation remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after testing its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human sufferings, I will send free of charge, to all who desires it, this receipt, in German, French or English, with full direction for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 *Power's Block Rochester, N. Y.* 18 11 1y

Railroads.

BALD EAGLE VALLEY RAILROAD.—Time Table, November 15, 1886.

WESTWARD	Exp A M	Mail P M.
Leave Lock Haven	9 00	3 20
Flemington	9 05	3 24
Mill Hall	9 09	3 27
Beech Creek	9 25	3 38
Eagleville f	9 39	3 42
Howard	9 44	3 52
Mount Eagle f	9 54	3 58
Curtin	10 01	4 03
Milesburg	10 12	4 10
Bellefonte	10 35	4 22
Milesburg	10 44	4 32
Snow Shoe Int	10 48	4 35
Unionville	10 58	4 43
Julian	11 09	4 53
Martha	11 19	5 01
Port Matilda	11 27	5 08
Hannah f	11 36	5 16
Fowler f	11 39	5 19
Dix f	11 42	5 22
Bald Eagle	11 48	5 28
Vail	11 53	5 31
Arrive at Tyrone	12 05	5 42
EASTWARD	P.M.	A.M
Leave Tyrone	7 10	8 10
East Tyrone	7 17	8 17
Vail	7 20	8 20
Bald Eagle	7 25	8 25
Dix f	7 32	8 30
Fowler f	7 35	8 33
Hannah f	7 37	8 36
Port Matilda	7 45	8 43
Martha	7 53	8 51
Julian	8 02	8 59
Unionville	8 13	9 10
Snow Shoe Int	8 22	9 18
Milesburg	8 25	9 22
Bellefonte	8 35	9 32
Milesburg	8 50	9 47
Curtin	8 58	10 01
Mount Eagle f	9 03	10 06
Howard	9 11	10 16
Eagleville f	9 22	10 30
Beech Creek	9 26	10 35
Mill Hall	9 38	10 50
Flemington f	9 42	10 54
Arrive at Lock Haven	9 45	11 00

BELLEFONTE & SNOW SHOE R. R.—Time Table in effect on and after Nov. 15, 1886

Leaves Snow Shoe at 6:45 a m; arrives at Bellefonte at 8:25 a m.

Leaves Bellefonte 9.00 a m., arrives at Snow Shoe 11.00 a m

Leaves Snow Shoe 2.50 p m., arrives at Bellefonte 4.55 p m

Leaves Bellefonte at 7:50 p m; arrives at Snow Shoe at 9:55 p m.

S S BLAIR, General Sup'

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE R. R.—BELLEFONTE, NITTANY AND LEMONT R. R. To take effect Nov. 15, 1886.

Dis.	Westward			Eastward		
		a.m.	p.m.		a.m.	a.m.	p.m.
.0		5.50	1.30	MONTANDON	6 30	9.10	.40
1.8		6.00	1.40	Ar. LEWISBURG Lv	5.20	9.00	4.35
1.5		6.05	1.45	Lv. LEWISBURG Ar	.....	9.00	4.30
5.4		6.15	1.48	Biehl f	.....	8 51	4.21
6.8		6.22	1.56	Vicksburg f	.....	8 45	4.16
10.7		6.33	2.09	MIFFLINBURG	.....	8.33	4.06
13.1		6.40	2.16	Barber f	.....	8.26	4.00
1 .2		6.46	2.2	Swengle f	.....	8.20	3.54
16.1		6.48	2 25	Millmont	.....	8 18	3.52
18.6		6.56	2.35	LAURELTON	.....	8.12	3.43
23.5		7.08	2.50	Pardee f	.....	7.58	3.32
24.7		7.12	2.5-	Weiker f	.....	7.54	3.28
28.9		7.27	3.01	Cherry Run f	.....	7.45	3.19
32.2		7.35	3.10	Paddy Mt. Tunnel f	.....	7.35	3.10
33 9		7.41	3.14	Fowler f	.....	7.32	3.07
36.6		7.49	3.25	Coburn	.....	7.23	2.57
39 6		7.56	3.34	Zerby f	.....	7 15	2.47
43 4		8.10	3.44	Rising Springs	.....	7 06	2.35
46.2		8 19	3.55	Penn's Cave f	.....	6.58	2 29
49.2		8.27	4 02	CENTRE HALL	.....	6.50	2 20
51.6		8.34	4 08	Gregg f	.....	6.43	2.13
54.6		8 45	4.20	Linden Hall	.....	6.36	2. 5
56.7		8 52	4.25	OAK HALL	.....	6.30	2.00
58.3		8.56	4.30	LEMONT	.....	6 25	1.55
60.2		9.03	4.36	Dale Summit f	.....	6.20	1.50
63.9		9 14	4.49	Pleasant Gap f	.....	6.09	1.40
65.2		9.19	4.56	Axeman f	.....	6.04	1.34
67.4		9 25	5.00	BELLEFONTE	.....	6.00	1.30

CHAS E. PUGH ..... General Manager
ROBERT NEILSON ..... General Superintendent
E. B. WESTFALL ..... Superintendent

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD Time Table, Nov. 15, 1886.

WESTWARD.	Mixed. P. M.	Mixed A. M.
Leave Scotia	12 15	5 00
Fairbrook	12 40	5 20
Penn's Furnace	1 05	5 40
Hostler f	1 15	5 50
Marengo f	1 25	5 55
Loveville f	1 30	6 00
Furnace Road f	1 35	6 10
Dungarvin	1 39	6.13
Warriors Mark	1 55	6 25
Pennington	2 12	6 40
Weston Mill f	2 25	6 56
L. and T. June	2 31	6 55
Tyrone	2 35	6 58
EASTWARD.	Mixed. P. M.	Mixed A. M
Leave Tyrone	4 30	9 20
L. & T. June	4 34	9 25
Weston Mill f	4 40	9 28
Pennington	4 55	9 45
Warriors Mark	5 05	9 58
Dungarvin	5.17	10.09
Furnace Road f	5 20	10 12
Loveville f	5 26	10 16
Marengo f	5 30	10 22
Hostler f	5 40	10 38
Penn's Furnace	5 50	10 44
Fairbrook	6 05	11 03
Scotia	6 25	11 30

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD—(Philadelphia and Erie Division.)—On and after Nov. 15 1886:

WESTWARD.		
ERIE MAIL leaves Philadelphia		11 20 p m
" " Harrisburg		3 30 a m
" " Williamsport		7 10 a m
" " Jersey Shore		7 35 a m
" " Lock Haven		7 58 a m
" " Renovo		8 55 a m
" arr at Erie		4 00 p m
NIAGARA EXP. leaves Philadelphia		7 40 a m
" " Harrisburg		11 25 a m
" arr. at Williamsport		2 55 p m
" " Lock Haven		3 15 p m
" " Renovo		5 10 p m
" " Kane		9 15 p m
Passengers by this train arrive in Bellefonte at		5 20 p m
FAST LINE leaves Philadelphia		11 50 a m
" Harrisburg		3 45 p m
Williamsport		7 10 p m
arr at Lock Haven		8 02 p m
" Renovo		7 00 p m
SUNDAY MAIL leaves Phil'a		4 30 a m
" " Harrisburg		7 40 a m
" " " W'm'sport		10 40 a m
" " " Lock Haven		11 35 a m
" " arr. at Renovo		12 30 p m
EASTWARD.		
Sea Shore EXPRESS leaves L. Haven		7 05 a m
" " " Jer'y S're		7 35 a m
" " " W'msp't		8 15 a m
" " arr. at Harrisb'g		11 30 a m
" " " Phila'phia		3 15 p m
DAY EXP. leaves Kane		6 25 a m
" " Renovo		10 20 a m
" " Lock Haven		11 15 a m
" " Williamsport		12 25 p m
" arr at Harrisburg		3 25 p m
" " Philadelphia		6 50 a m
ERIE MAIL leaves Erie		2 45 p m
" " Renovo		11 00 p m
" Lock Haven		11 58 a m
" Williamsport		1 25 a m
arr at Harrisburg		4 20 a m
" Philadelphia		8 25 a m
RENOVO ACN leaves Renovo		4 00 p m
" arrives at Harrisb'g		9 40 p m
" " Philadelphia		4 45 a m

Erie Mail West, Niagara Express West, and Day Express East make close connection at Lock Haven with B. R. V. R. R. trains.

Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. R. R.; at Corry with B. P. & W. N. E. R.; at Emporium with B., N. Y. & P. R. R. and at Driftwood with A. V. R.R.

ROBERT NEILSON, Gen'l Supt.

Benton Forgiven.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 17.—The President has practically reappointed M. E. Benton as the District Attorney for the Western district of Missouri. Mr. Benton, it will be remembered, was removed for making political speeches during the campaign. Senator Vest has triumphed The plea will be made in defense of this reappointment that it has been satisfactorily shown to the President that Mr. Benton did not neglect his official duties and that he was in his office during office hours and was in the courts when it was necessary for him to look after the Government cases. The President first offered Mr. Benton some other office, but Senator Vest has stood on his platform of "restoration or nothing," and the President has yielded. The President also learned in his examination that he could not hope for a single vote in the Missouri delegation in the National Convention of 1888 if Benton was not put back. How much this influenced him will not appear in the record of the case.

The President had a number of Democratic speeches from Missouri orators submitted to him, so that he could accurately gauge Democratic sentiment in that State. One speech, delivered by Judge T. A. Sherwood, appeared to make made some impression upon the President's mind. In course of his remarks Judge Sherwood said: "I am one of those old fashioned Democrats who firmly believe that you cannot run a Democratic machine with Republican cogwheels. You may dress up the old Republican rattle-trap of a machine, put in a Democratic driver or regulator, and a few other pieces, but the subterfuge will not win and the deception will not work. The attempt to deceive any one by any such a plan will be as vain and futile as would be the device of filling a jug with water, labeling it whiskey and then attempting, with that flat, stale and unprofitable fluid, to fool a good, honest Democratic stomach; and that's a comparison that I know you all understand."

Hanging in the Balance.

PITTSBURG, Nov. 19.—At the conference of the Connelisville coke operators and their employes this afternoon, to consider the recent demands, made by the latter, the operators refused to grant any of the demands except the one asking for a small advance in wages to pay for sharpening tools. This proposition was rejected and the miners' officials offered to submit the question to arbitration, but as a number of the operators had left for their homes, action was postponed until to-morrow. Secretary Miller, of miners' association, says that if the operators refuse to consent to arbitrate a strike of the 12,000 coke workers in the Connellsville region will be ordered at once.

Their Ladder Fell.

BALTIMORE, Nov. 17.—Fire broke out this afternoon in the house of Burrough Bros., Camden street, near Pratt, manufacturing chemists, and cause a loss of $25,000. While No. 2 truck was elevating one of her ladders, the ladder fell backwards with its freight of four firemen, and Charles Grund, of No. 2 Engine, was so badly injured that he died in fifteen minutes. Henry Ryan and Captain Marsten, of No. 2 Engine were badly injured. Frank Kerr, of No. 9, had his leg broken.

Blockaded with Snow.

SIOUX CITY, Iowa, Nov. 17.—A train with 100 passengers on board is snowed in eleven miles west of Canton, Dak. The passengers are being fed from a small station near by. The same special says the Millwaukee Railway is lined with dead engines in snow drifts.

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Miscellaneous.

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ADDITIONAL LOCAL NEWS.

—McVeytown sighs for a literary society.

—Deer are reported numerous in Potter county.

—There is one case of diphtheria in Centre Hall.

—The wind continued to blow all Friday night with unremitting violence.

—Six trains pass Centre Hall daily and that town feels vastly important.

—Charley Glenn's photograph car arrived on Wednesday and will remain here.

—W. J. Springer, of Millheim, recently butchered two hogs, the united weight of which was 865 pounds.

—Harry Schrover and family have moved into apartments above his carpet store on Bishop street.

—Mr. Pierpoint received an enormously large safe on Tuesday, which was placed in his business office.

—Charley Glenn has located his photograph car a short distance west of the railroad on the north side of High street.

—Geo. J. Lane represented the Buckley Bros' shirt manufactory, was in town Thursday. The factory is located in Oneonta, N. Y.

—Mrs. Rebecca Swartz, of Millheim, died on Monday of this week, of apoplexy. Her husband, John Swartz, died just two weeks before.

—There was a great deal of electricity in the atmosphere of Mr. Ed. Green's home Thursday. Ed. says he's ahead of Prof. Edison now. It's a handsome boy.

—There was a disastrous runaway at Spring Mills the other day. Mr. Samuel Leitzell's horse was killed instantly and Mr. L. himself was quite painfully injured.

—The Reformed church building in Altoona was damaged by fire Wednesday evening to the extent of $5,000. The fire started while services were in progress in the church.

—Mr. Cyrus Grove has been engaged to teach what is known as the Decker school in Spring Mills. The former teacher was W. L. Snyder, whose death is recorded in this paper.

—There was a good attendance, despite the inclemency of the weather, at the Methodist church Wednesday evening and five persons, convicted of sin, went forward to the altar.

—A western man advertised that he would for $1 mail information that would make food entirely unnecessary. A citizen of Jordan, Canada, sent his dollar and by return mail got the directions. "Take a dose of poison."

—Fred Kurtz, of Centre Hall, suggests that gas be bored for at that place. We should suppose that the quantity of political gas indulged in by the *Reporter* during the campaign would suffice without boring further for it.

—When cooking cabbage or onions put a small quantity of vinegar in a cup on the stove. This, it is said, neutralizes in a great measure the disagreeable odor from the cooking vegetables. We never tried it and will not vouch for its correctness.

—A regular passenger transfer line is now run between Snow Shoe and the Beech Creek Railroad station, connecting with all passenger trains. The quick time made by the Beeck Creek is thus made available to passengers to and from the point.

—Why not put up a post office box at the depot here? We notice that such an addition is being put up at the depot in so small a place as Coburn. Convenience and ease in transacting business is what everybody is aiming at now and this would be a convenience to many.

—The managers of the Catholic church fair in Renovo advertised that they would give a barrel of flour to the most beautiful lady in the town. This is a sensible present as a beautiful lady can make excellent use of flour, especially if she is the fortunate possessor of that useful accomplishment of being a good housekeeper.

—Martin Waple stole $130 from John Norris, who lives on South Centre street, Philipsburg, a week ago, and hid the money in an ash pile. Constable Harry Simler arrested Waple, who showed where the money was concealed and, in a convenient moment, he departed. Whyhe hid the money in the ash pile is not known.

—Captain J. Edwin Giles, of Robison Post, Hazleton, Pa., will be a candidate for the position of Senior Vice Department Commander of the G. A. R. of Pennsylvania, and his name will be placed before the convention to meet in Harrisburg in Febuary next. He is one of the most active and enthusiastic members of the G. A. R. and deserves the highest honor it can bestow.

—The mail train west was 38 minutes late when it departed from Lock Haven on Thursday afternoon, but made up 20 minutes of that time between Lock Haven and this place. It pulled into the Bellefonte station at an unusually lively speed and didn't lose any time in pulling out again. We have no doubt it easily made up lost time before reaching Tyrone. They say that the engineer on board was a western man who was a substitute for the regular engineer. Evidently, he is used to rapid traveling.

An Iron Ore Decision.

One more step has been taken by the administration to prostrate the industries of the country. In response to a request from the foreign ore producers and those importers who, like Mr. Hewitt, manufacture iron on the seaboard, the Acting Secretary of the Treasury has issued an order which practically reduces the duty on iron ore from 10 to 15 per cent. As the subject is of vital importance to this community, we copy the remarks of the Philadelphia *Press* concerning it.

The curious feature of this business is the fact that the question has never been raised until a Free-trade Acting Secretary of the Treasury raised it. In all the discussions before the Tariff Commission and in both Houses of Congress when the present duty on iron ore was fixed, we never heard anything about "212 Fahrenheit."

It was universally understood that 2240 pounds of ore as it was sent out of the mine constituted a ton of iron ore, on which the sum of seventy-five cents customs duty was to be paid. But now the Treasury Department says that a small portion of each consignment of ore arriving at our ports shall be taken out and dried to 212° Fahrenheit, and that a general reduction shall be made on each consignment for water. To say nything of the reduction in the duty, this complicates the administration of the tariff and opens the door to all sorts of fraud. And having brought about this state of things, Acting Secretary Fairchild has informed the American ore producers, as he did the American sugar refiners, that he will consider affidavits on the subject. The Western, the Eastern and the Southern ore producers have prepared a series of affidavits that will be sent to the Department for the information of the Secretary.

—The effect of natural gas on the coal mines of the Cambria Iron Company is already noticeable. The Mill Mine is running short, and a majority of the men have quit it and secured employment at other places—a number of them in the house-coal mines about town. The output at the Mill Mine has been reduced almost two-thirds, and there will be a still greater reduction, though it is probable that a score or two of men will find more or less steady employment there. The owners of house-coal mines are also looking forward to a decreased demand for their product. They realize that, in effect, Johnstown now has its fuel yard in Westmoreland county, and that, if the supply of gas keeps up, it is only a matter of time until the great majority of their best customers leave them. There will be plenty of work for the house-coal miners this winter, however, and probably for several winters to come.—*Johnstown Tribune.*

Touched by a Tornado.

Bellefonte and vicinity were touched Thursday a.m. by a cloud burst and a pretty fair tornado. It swept over half moon hill and aroused the echoes through all the valley to Nittany mountain. Big drops of rain came pounding against the window pane, making the slumberer dream that some one was bombarding the house. The rain swelled the water in Spring creek and the wind twisted branches from the trees, blew signs from their fastening, banged outside blinds and turned umbrellas outside in. Wilbur Twitmire's sign in front of his stove store traveled up High street and the sign which informs the public that J. C. Brachbill sells furniture was propelled to the top of the Bush Arcade building. It was about the severest touch that wind and rain have given us for a year past.

—Sheriff Fowles, of Mifflintown, has offered $575 reward for the capture of W. Josiah McMeen, the murderer who escaped from the jail at that place, and $25 for the capture of Carter, the man who escaped with him. The escape was made by opening the locks on their cell doors with a wire fashioned for that purpose. After they were out in the hallway their way was easy. They reached the yard and scaled the jail wall by means of a pile of wood, and an upright pole standing in the northeast corner, which reached to the top of the wall, and was as good as a ladder, as it contained forks up its entire length, where the branches had not been chopped off short. The sheriff and deputies scoured the country the next day in search of the fugitives, but failed to find them.

Another Storm Predicted.

It seems that another storm period will occur next month, if Professor Foster knows anything about such things. He publishes his prediction of a great storm period, extending from December 4th to 17th, during which will occur some of the most destructive winter storms of recent years. Heavy snow and high winds will greatly impede railroad travel and he advises the railways to prepare for blockades that will occur in the western states about December 5th and reach the eastern states December 9th. He suggests that many lives and much property can be saved from loss by making preparations for the severe weather of this storm period.

—Mill Hall is to have a series of temperance lectures by one A. C. Rankin, of Pittsburg. He began to orate on Tuesday, the 22d inst.

Will the South Pennsylvania Railroad be Built?

Among the questions which George Alfred Townsend asked Jay Gould during a recent interview was: "Do you think the South Pennsylvania railroad will now be built, as so much of it has already been executed?" Mr. Gould replied: "They may build it, but I don't see what business it can get except local traffic. The Pennsylvania railroad not only catches it at Pittsburg, but, by its combinations beyond Pittsburg to Cincinnati, St. Louis, Chicago, Toledo and other points, it will deliver the business to itself, and the South Pennsylvania cannot get any business of a large, continental sort unless it makes similar connections. The field of combination is covered, so that it is very hard for a new enterprise between the Ohio river and the East to get scope and through traffic. The Pennsylvania railroad has an exceedingly great popularity among its patrons. I suppose that it stands at the head of the American railroad system in method, enterprise, diligence and all that constitutes a really great property well governed."

The Storm in Lock Haven.

The account of the way the wind blew in Lock Haven Thursday morning and the damage it wrought reads much like the description of the tornadoes' doings in the West. The paper mill, of that city, received the most damage, the south wall of the engine house being blown in. The large iron stack of the Babcock boilers fell on the roof of the engine house smashing it in. Harvey Bennett was painfully hurt and three others received slight injuries. Miss Mary Ryan, one of the employes who ran out of the mill, was blown into the basin, and but for prompt aid would have been drowned. The roof of the office was also torn off and carried a distance of 100 feet. The fire engine stable was unroofed and coffins belonging to J. N. Sloan, which had been placed there, were damaged to the extent of $1,000.

The Milton and Brush Valley R. R.

This proposed and probable railroad is to be built with capital largely furnished by citizens of Milton. The exact route has not yet been determined, but it may come to this place via. the Brush Valley Narrows, as that is considered the shortest and most direct route. That region is known to be excellently supplied with the best timber, which will find a quick, easy and profitable market by railroad. Which ever route is selected, however, will largely depend upon the citizens and the encouragement they extend to it. The road will greatly lessen the distance to be traveled in going east and will be a great advantage to Bellefonte and all along the line. The capital is $10,000,000.

Two Musical Notes.

In the November number of *Musical Tidings*, published in Williamsport, we notice an item of history which is of local interest. In speaking of Daniel Repasz, the founder of the Repasz band of that city, it says: "About 1846 he (Daniel Repasz) purchased an Eb key bugle from Judge Linn, then leader of a band in Bellefonte, and used it for a number of years as leader, until the present form of cornets and saxehorns were introduced."

We notice also that Frank P. Atherton, of State College, this county, wishes a position as leader of orchestra in some town where there is plenty of business for a good orchestra.

—The complimentary passes to newspaper men given by the managers of a recent county fair, in Michigan, read as follows: "This ticket, probably, has been paid for ten times over by the paper to which it is issued. It will be honored in the hands of any man, woman or child, white, black, red or yellow, who favors the association by presenting it. It is good for entrance and grand stand, and the bearer, if driving, will be entitled to pass a team free. This association recognizes the fact that its splendid success is owing largely, if not wholly, to the notices so freely given it by the press, and while we cannot render an equivalent in cash we return our grateful thanks."

Partnership Dissolved.

Our readers will notice that the firm of Jacobs Bros. has been dissolved. The brothers have been doing a baking business for a year past and have met with success. Mr. W. F. Jacobs retires from the business and will go to Danville where he resided before coming to Bellefonte. C. H. Jacobs will continue the business. Charley is an exceedingly pleasant gentleman and will conduct the business in such a way as to merit the continuance of patronage. He will again begin baking bread next Monday and will deliver it by wagon. He has already received six hundred pounds of Christmas candies and will do all that he can to make everybody sweet.

Death of W. L. Snyder.

The death of W. L. Snyder, of Spring Mills, was a sad one. He had suffered for a protracted period with typhoid fever and was supposed to be almost entirely well. He went to see his parents who reside at Potters Mills. There he became suddenly and severely ill and his death followed before medical aid could be summoned. The funeral services occurred on Sunday, the 14th, and the large attendance showed how great was the sorrow caused by his sudden death.

Interesting Local Items.

The Kismet Club has secured the small brick office on the Hale estate on Allegheny street for a club room and are now fitting it up for that purpose. It will make a first-class club room, and is sufficiently retired to enable them to keep all the statuary they desire without causing trouble to their neighbors. Indeed, they say that if some one will kindly donate to them a few more specimens of first class works of art they will thankfully receive them.

Mr. Pierpoint will move his business headquarters into the office on the Macmanus property, Allegheny street, recently occupied by Jno. T. Johnston, chairman of the Republican county committee.

There is said to be a scarcity of cars in which to transport coal. As a consequence, several dealers have not been able to get as much Snow Shoe coal as they can dispose of. If the scarcity of cars is the real reason, why are not more of them manufactured? and why cannot the Bellefonte car works be utilized for that purpose?

While Mr. Isaac Haupt was in Clearfield county, near Frenchville, this week, he and several other hunters killed an immense buck, weighing about 180 lbs. He brought a quarter of it home with him. They also saw a couple of doe and were on the track of a big catamount. This was pretty good, considering that he was not on a hunting expedition, but was merely on a business trip. He says that catamounts are quite numerous thereabouts.

The Turkey.

It does not seem to us that the turkey is as numerous as it has been in some preceding years. Very few turkeys seemingly, have been brought to town. But scarce as they are, their numbers will be greatly lessened within the next week. The verdict has gone forth from the President that the turkey must go. This is not caused by any special enmity to the turkey. Indeed, most people have an affection for it. The turkey is the most useful bird in existence. There is no other kind that can make people feel so thankful. How in the world would people be able to give thanks except for this bird? As the savory, browned bird exposes its plump sides on the dinner table, surrounded by salads, sauces, et cetera, the thanksgiving of an entire Nation arises through the cold air.

Whether it is equally efficacious in making people kind and considerate is yet to be demonstrated. If the persons who see and partake of the turkey are also impelled to carry some of it to those who never see a turkey nicely cooked and prepared for them, and lying on their dinner table, than the usefulness of the turkey will be magnified four-fold, and the dictums of President and Governors to destroy it (as the Thanksgiving proclamations are interperted) will be justified beyond quibble or question. Try it next Thursday.

—The reunion of the One Hundred and Thirty-eighth Pennsylvania regiment was held on Friday in Bedford. A large number of the old veterans were present. Hon. P. C. Calhoun, a member of the 138 and now a representative in the legislature, and re-elected again, was made president of the meeting. A number of addresses were made by the old comrades. A street parade was indulged in and Captain J. F. Mickel turned out with company I, National Guard, Pennsylvania. The procession was a fine one and some of the old banners of the gallant 138 were in line. The regiment was largely made up of Bedford county men under Captains May, Stuckey, Dickenhoof and Feight. Captain J. W. Feight, now Rev. Feight, a Methodist minister at Mercersburg, was the only captain present. Captains May, Stuckey, Dickenhoof are in the west. The boys had a general good time. This was their first reunion. Their regiment suffered heavily at Brandy Station and Cold Harbor. Adjutant Gump and Orderly Sargeant Stuckey were killed there, and a large number of other men were killed and wounded. Captain Stuckey lost his right leg.

—Monday, the 15th, says the *Journal*, was the 56th anniversary of the birth of our good friend, Mr. Robert Hudson, of Philipsburg, and a crowd of his friends of thirty or forty, gathered at his residence on Front street, determined that he should have the period upon which he first beheld the light of day brought forcibly to his memory by the melodious tune of an old-time surprise party, and they did so in first-class style. A pleasant evening was spent and a bountiful supper partaken of, to which full justice was done. We join in wishing him in whose honor the event was given, many returns of that enjoyable occasion.

—Renovo *Record* relates that two years ago Mr. John M. McQauid, an employe of the railroad shops, was stricken down with typhoid fever. At that time he was without means and without a relative in the place to care for him. He was however kindly cared for by the borough authorities, who furnished him with medical treatment and nurse during his illness. The expense amounted to $70.50, which Mr. McQuaid has since paid into to the borough treasury. This is the first case of the kind on record, in which money has been paid over to the borough.

Experience of Nimrods.

The sport of hunting is the most entertaining and exciting that anyone can indulge in. If any one doubts this, let them listen to hunters talking after an adventure with a deer or other large game. Perhaps four or five hunters have been concerned in the adventure, and each one will give his account of the affair. Then each one will relate what he would have done had the circumstances been somewhat different. Then the conversation will change to the dogs which also took part in the affair. The varying merits of the canines will also form part of the conversation. All of it will be related in the most earnest manner, and the exclamations which will follow each assertion will show the interest which each member of the party feels in it.

—The county commissioners of Dauphin county have been giving premiums for hawk scalps, but have concluded not to do so any more, or they will be required to pay for all the hawks killed in the State. They believe that they have been swindled. For instance, in one week one man brought in 110 hawk scalps and another 81, all of which, they say, were killed in Susquehanna township, that county. The residents of the township aver that there are not that many hawks in the township. The commissioners have concluded that poople send in scalps from other counties where premiums are not offered for hawk scalps and hence they are imposed upon.

—Rev. Howard, of Alabama, the rapid business Arithmetic instructor, who was in this place a few days ago, is now in the evangelistic work, as we learn from the following paragraph in the Philipsburg *Journal*: "Rev. H. Hill and Rev. Howard, evangelist, of Alabama, were expected to start a revival meeting in the Babtist church, on Wednesday evening last, but owing the outflowing of God's spirit at Wilsonville, Pa., where he is now laboring, the meeting will not commence until next Sunday morning. Everybody is invited to come."

—Each of the Grand Army Posts in the State at its last meeting in the current month will nominate candidates to fill the various Post positions during the year 1887. The elections will take place at the first meeting in next December and the installation of the officers elect will take place the first meeting night in January next. Delegates to the Department encampment which will be held in Harrisburg next February, will be elected also at the first meeting of each Post in December next.

—The Seth Thomas Clock Co., of Thomaston, Conn., have prepared drawings for the great clock which is to be placed in the tower of the new City Hall at Philadelphia, and which, if completed in accordance with their plans, will be the largest in the world. The bells upon which it will strike the hours and quarters will weigh fifty thousand pounds, and the glass dials, as contemplated, measure 25 feet in diameter.

—The concert band organized at Sandy Ridge, is now a full fledged organization, fully and perfectly equipped for business, with W. I. Twiggs as its president and John D. Miller, secretary and treasurer. The boys were furnished a full set of instruments on Tuesday by Captain J. H. Boring of Philipsburg.

—Mr. Henry Meyer, Sr., and son, of Linden Hall, came home from Pittsburg last week with sixteen head of cattle which averaged 1250 lbs, in weight.

—The Messrs. Gordon, of this place, have leased the ore on John P. Runkle's farm near Centre Hill, and will soon begin operations on a large scale.

—The recent floods in the Susquehanna brought 30,000,000 feet of lumber to Williamsport, which will add $200,000 to the wealth of that city this winter.

A Walking Skeleton.

Mr. E. Springer, of Mechanicsburg, Pa., writes "I was afflicted with lung fever and abscess on lungs, and reduced to a walking skeleton. Got a free trial bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, which did me so much good that I bought a dollar bottle. After using three bottles found myself once more a man, completely restored to health, with a hearty appetite, and a gain in flesh of 48 lbs."

Call all at J. ZELLER & SON'S drug store and get a free trial bottle of this certain cure for all lung diseases. Large bottles $1.00.

—Some very delightful music was discoursed in the Brockerhoff House, Friday evening, and floated out on the night air with good effect.

Thousands Say So,

Mr. T. W. Atkins, Girard, Kan., writes: "I never hesitate to recommend your Electric Bitters to my customers, they give entire satisfaction and are rapid sellers." Electric Bitters are the purest and best medicine known and will positively cure kidney and liver complaints. Purify the blood and regulate the bowels. No family can afford to be without them. They will save hundreds of dollars in doctors' bills every year. Sold at fifty cents a bottle by J. ZELLER & SON.

—The soldiers monument at Wellsboro was unveiled by a beautiful little girl with golden ringlets, who at a given signal pulled the cord.

Thousands of cases of Consumption are cured every year by Acker's celebrated English Remedy. It is a guaranted preparation; if it does not help you it will cost you nothing. Try it. A single dose will show its good effect. Trial bottles 10 cts.
WALTER W. BAYARD.

—A fire broke out in the daily *Review* press-room in Towanda Thursday, which destroyed that building and several others. Loss $20,000.

—We noticed that at three seperate places Saturday the pavements had been scrubbed, leaving them covered with a glare of ice. We cannot conceive that the requirements of cleanliness demand that people's lives should be put in danger. When we consider what evil consequences might be caused by people falling and breaking limbs at such a place we involuntarily shudder.

It is estimated that there are one hundred thousand sufferers from hay fever in the United States; a number about four times greater than the regular standing army. This number could be reduced to a mere regiment if all would resort to Ely's Cream Balm.

—Fifteen conversions have occurred during the progress of the revival meetings in the Methodist church at Boalsburg.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter Chapped Hands, Chilblains Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25c. per box. For sale by J. ZELLER & SON.

—We understand that Superintendent D. M. Wolfe is confined to his house by illness. We hope he will quickly recover.

Acker's Blood Elixir is the only Blood Remedy guaranteed. It is a positive cure for Ulcers, Eruptions or Syphilitic Poisoning. It purifies the whole system, and banishes all Rheumatic and Neuralgic pains. We guarantee it.
WALTER W. BAYARD.

Medical, Etc.

How's Your Liver?

Is the Oriental salutation, knowing that good health cannot exist without a healthy Liver. When the Liver is torpid the Bowels are sluggish and constipated, the food lies in the stomach undigested, poisoning the blood; frequent headache ensues; a feeling of lassitude, despondency and nervousness indicate how the whole system is deranged. Simmons Liver Regulator has been the means of restoring many people to health and happiness by giving them a healthy Liver than any other known on earth. It acts with extraordinary power and efficacy.

NEVER BEEN DISAPPOINTED.

As a general family remedy, we believe Simmons Liver Regulator, or Torpid Liver, Dumb Ague, Chronic Diarrhœa, etc., we have never use anything that has been disappointed in its results. It seems to be almost a specific for all diseases of the stomach, liver and bowels.

SECOND TO NONE IN CROP VALUE.

VOLUNTARY TESTIMONIAL.

DAVIS GROVE, MONTGOMERY CO., Pa., May 18th, 1886.

MESSRS. BAUGH & SONS, Philadelphia.

Gents:—This is to certify that I have been using BAUGH'S $25 PHOSPHATE for some time, and find it to be the best fertilizer I have ever used. The Wheat on which I used last year, 2,200 lbs. of BAUGH'S $25 PHOSPHATE to the acre, was taken off in October, and applied one-half of it broadcast on the ground, and the other half in the drill with seed. Grass, etc., bought of WM. HALLOWELL, of Hatboro, Pa. I ploughed under a heavy coat of clover, and applied one-half of it broadcast on the ground, and one bag of BAUGH'S $25 PHOSPHATE was applied to the drill with seed. Where I have used BAUGH'S PHOSPHATE the Rye is thicker than where the *Best Fertilizer* was used. If any one wants to see the Rye growing, where the $13.00 per ton *difference* in cost of Fertilizer was made, I will show them. Yours truly,
JOHN CROCKETT.

HORSHAM TOWNSHIP, MONTGOMERY CO., Pa., and enquire for

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., May 18th, 1886.

MESSRS. CROCKETT, Davis Grove, Pa.

Dear Sirs:—We thank you right here for the above voluntary testimonial. We do not know that we ever had any previous correspondence with you, but we are the Pioneer Brands. Their world-wide circumstances. Baugh's Raw Bone Phosphate has made us many new friends. Farmers are not bigoted in favorable comparison with their own original motto: "Practical Results Better than Theory." reputation for Quality. We could not afford to sell an inferior article; to achieve that we have 600 much at stake.

Yours truly,
BAUGH & SONS.

BAUGH'S $25 PHOSPHATE

Rogers' Grapoline!

This preparation is a mild and gentle saline cathartic, alterative and tonic. It is most carefully prepared in the form of a snow white powder, containing all the medical properties of the GRAPE and other fruits. It will promptly cure Costiveness, Dyspepsia, Heartburn Sick Headache, Indigestion and all Inflammatory complaints where a gentle, cooling cathartic is required. Give this remedy one trial and it will convince you of the above facts. Prepared by A. H. ROGERS & CO., Geneseo, N.Y.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

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10 000 HARDWOOD FARMS IN MICHIGAN

For sale by the GRAND RAPIDS & INDIANA R. R. CO. Sugar maple the principal timber.

Advantages: Railroads already built, numerous towns and cities, one of the healthiest parts of the United States, purest water, good markets, fine fruit, good roads, schools, churches, large agricultural population, best building material at low figures, good soil, low prices, easy terms, perfect title. For books, maps, charts, and all additional information, address

W. O. HUGHART,
Land Commissioner, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Bellefonte Republican,

EDWARD T. TUTEN, - - Editor.

Terms, $2.00 per annum in Advance

Local Department.

—Pittsburg has one case of small pox.

—Night sessions of court are held this week.

—How mournfully the turkey gobbler utters his last gobble.

—Twenty-seven snow storms are predicted for this winter.

—Several flittings were in progress on Tuesday in the drenching rain.

—Jenkins Philip, a miner at Snow Shoe, died on Tuesday morning.

—The teachers' institute of Huntingdon county is in session this week.

—This is the big week of court and the political riot (?) is again talked of.

—The Ladies Aid Society of the Episcopal church met at the rectory Tuesday evening.

—The name of Coffee Run postoffice, in Huntingdon county, has been changed to Entriken.

—Several merchants are preparing their advertisements for insertion in this paper. Look out for them.

—The postoffice will be open to-day between 11 a. m. and 1 p. m., and between 3 and 6 o'clock p. m.

—That is a beautiful and costly cut glass service in Mr. Wilkinson's store window. It is said to be worth more than $100.

—Now they say it is a mistake that Miss Carrie Dietrick is to be married to W. M. Singerly, of the Philadelphia *Record*. Oh, dear, we're very sorry for—both parties.

—Some people are suggesting that Postmaster Rankin, of Lock Haven, is to be turned out of office, because certain Democrats don't like him. What foolishness!

—The trial of Jacob Duncan, of Bedford county, for the murder of Jeremiah Plicker, is now in progress. Duncan was once a resident of Orbisonia, Huntingdon county.

—The people of Lock Haven are somewhat excited over the fact that a corps of engineers are locating what they say is a new railroad line between Mill Hall and Bellefonte.

—The Good Templars feasted royally on Tuesday evening at the expense of Dr. E. S. Dorworth. Ice cream and cake constituted the refreshments which were highly appreciated.

—The only way the people of Lock Haven can devise to raise money is to hold "mum" sociables. The girls of that city are such inveterate talkers that they cannot keep silent and hence have to pay a fine.

—The people of Lock Haven were pleased with Rev. Wm. Laurie, D. D., on Sunday and the *Democrat* of that place pronounces him "one of the ablest and most active ministers in the Huntingdon Presbytery."

—This end of the county keeps up its reputation for heavy hogs. August Neuman, of Milesburg, on Friday, killed two hogs which tipped the scales at 814 pounds. We are told that these animals were only thirteen months old.

—Two fires occurred Monday morning, both of them apparently at about the same time—4 o'clock. Jacob Weaver's barn at Pine Grove was burned with all its contents. Ambrose McMullen's barn, at Hecla, was also burned. There was no insurance.

—The entertainment in the Presbyterian chapel on Thanksgiving evening, at 7:15 o'clock, will be a delightful means of diversion for any one at that time. The admission price is small, the music will be excellent and Gen. Beaver's talk will be entertaining.

—This being Thanksgiving day, there will be service in the Episcopal church at 10.30 o'clock a. m. A Union meeting will be held in the Methodist church at the same hour, Rev. Wm. Laurie, D. D., of the Presbyterian church, to deliver the sermon.

—Col. W. W. Wilkinson, in accord with his usual thoughtfulness and kindness, has presented to the Kismet Club a costly cut glass water set. It is an appropriate present and one of which the club will be proud. Of course, they extend to the gallant Colonel their thanks and the hospitality of their club room.

—On Saturday afternoon a frightful runaway occurred on the Lewistown pike in the vicinity of Mr. Cal. Mallory's blacksmith shop. A horse attached to a buggy in which two ladies were seated frightened and ran away. The ladies fortunately jumped before the horse approached very near the bank, down which the buggy was precipitated, damaging it badly.

—An accomplished musician who is "able to conduct a choral society, to organize and instruct an orchestra, to play organ in church, teach violin, harmony, to cultivate the voice, etc.," writes to us that he is desirous of locating in Bellefonte if his services will be required. We believe he is all that he represents himself to be. Those who have considered the subject and understand the situation will be given his address if they desire to correspond with him on the subject.

Dedication of the New Hall Erected by the G. A. R. Post of Stormstown.

As was previously announced, the G. A. R. Post at Stormstown had its bean bake and dedicatory exercises on last Thursday evening, the 18th inst. It was a very interesting and enjoyable affair and the success of the event was largely due to the untiring and indefatigable efforts of Mr. Cyrus Hunter, who takes deep interest in all affairs of a local character. The supper began early and continued about two hours. Of course, the proverbial beans, pork and crackers were there; and to say that this took place in Half Moon valley is to say that the table was laden with the good things of life.

After vast quantities of beans and provisions had disappeared, and a good deal of close packing of the audience (for the crowd was immense), the hum of voices very suddenly died away, as a guard of honor marched in through the crowd and up to the altar that had been located at about the centre of the hall. Capt. Curtin, as master of ceremonies, arose and announced the exercises, which began with music by the choir—"America"—which was well rendered and appeared to inspire everyone with the patriotic feelings attending such an occasion.

The trustees then turned the building over to the Post. Capt. Curtin accepted it in the name of the Post in a very neat and appropriate speech. A guard of honor was then detailed and placed on the right of the altar, and the flag was displayed.

Music, "The Star Spangled Banner."

Commander Curtin said that the arms of the Nation were in two divisions, and asked what those divisions were. The response was: The Army and Navy. Corresponding passages of Scripture were read, and symbols of the army and navy were placed by the altar and a guard of honor detailed for each one. The symbol of the navy was an anchor; the army, a musket and canteen.

Prayer of dedication by the chaplain, Rev. Whitney, of Altoona.

Capt. Curtin and officers of the Post finished the ceremonies and announced the name of the Post—W. I. Furst, No. 419.

Rev. Forges, of Bellwood, Blair county, Pa., was introduced and gave a very excellent address to the comrades, and read and explained some of the objects of the G. A. R. posts.

Music by the choir and benediction by Rev. Whitney.

The campfire was opened by Capt. Austin Curtin. This part of the exercises was remarkably interesting. In his speech, Mr. Curtin dwelt at length upon the excellent condition that W. I. Furst Post enjoys. That it is composed of only forty members, and that they own their hall, which is more than any other Post, in the State, can say. The Captain referred briefly to the time he lived in Stormstown in 1858. That he remembered the time when Captain Gates went galloping through town with his cavalry. Little did he or any one else then think that they ever would be called upon to endure the hardships of a terrible civil war. He also referred to the sad duties of helping to bury some of the brave soldiers who went from Half Moon. He then spoke of the aims and objects of the G. A. R. He said that the chief corner-stone is charity, and that the Posts of Pennsylvania had expended $65,000 for charitable purposes the last year. He could talk all night on this subject and then he could not tell all the good there is in the G. A. R.

The speaker then alluded beautifully and touchingly to the loyal hearts at home during that struggle—those who had manufactured arms and munitions. He said that the wonderful amount of good that had been done by the loyal ladies and the heroism manifested by them never would be told; that their good works were recorded in Heaven. He wants all honor paid to the mothers, wives and sweethearts who were loyal during the war. He then gave a brief history of the G. A. R. organization. The first Post was organized in Decatur, Ill. There are now over five hundred Posts in Pennsylvania. He then explained the significance of the campfire. First told what it meant in Dixie during the war, and then what it means to-day in their meetings.

Rev. Whitney was then called for. He claimed credit for having encouraged the organization of a post at that place. He said many things to encourage the Sons of Veterans to organize and infuse them with more zeal.

After music, Comrade Musser, of Milesburg was introduced as the funny man and story teller. He soon had the audience roaring.

Comrade Frye, of Pine Grove Mills, next put on his rail.

Comrade Sellers then produced his rail, which consisted of a very interesting chicken story.

Music—"Marching Through Georgia"—was followed by Dr. Tobin, who responded briefly to a call for a speech.

Comrade Loner was called upon and introduced as the growler of the company. He responded briefly.

Comrade Forges responded to a call by putting on a small rail.

Mr. William Wilson also made a brief response to the calls for a speech.

Commander Curtin then read a very interesting letter that was written by a "Johnny" to his wife while he was in the trenches before Atlanta.

After music—"Kingdom Coming"—the campfire closed with the doxology and benediction.

The Religious Services of Sunday.

RETROSPECTION AND PRAYER.

Two sermons, full of material for reflection and profit, were delivered by Rev J. O. Davis, of the Episcopal church, on Sunday. In the morning his discourse was retrospective of the church during the past year He chose a text from the 6th chapter of the Gospel according to St. John, 12th and 13th verses: "Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost. Therefore they gathered them together, and filled twelve baskets with the fragments of the five loaves, which remained over and above unto them that had eaten."

Very clearly he showed that all the conditions now are more favorable than ever before for the spread of the Gospel. After referring especially to the work of the church in foreign lands, he spoke of the great progress being made among the Negroes in our own country He held out the strongest incentives for much larger gifts this year than have previously been made. He implored the church to arouse herself from the condition which has hindered her progress. He refered to the statistical figures regarding the communicant membership of St. John's parish in a way to show the necessity of new zeal in attendance upon divine services. His very excellent remarks contained references to the importance of baptism and confirmation.

His evening sermon was on the subject of prayer, from St. Matthew 21:22, "And all things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive." To pray, he said, is a Divine command and he referred to several notable instances of prayer. Then he said that the conditions for proper prayer are faith, humility and perseverance. In his remarks on faith he introduced a very pathetic illustration. The answer to prayer may not be just as we expect. With extreme earnestness he exhorted the congregation not to be content with mere perfunctory prayer, with meaningless "Amens," and not to allow their thoughts to wander during prayer. Such petitions are a mockery. The prayers of the church are intended for each one to engage in and the minister only leads the devotions of the others.

AN ASSOCIATION MEETING.

The Y. M. C. A. meeting at 4 o'clock was conducted by James R. Hughes, who spoke earnestly on the subject, "Christ Gives Joy." A pleasing feature of the meeting was the accompaniment on the piano, by Mr. Chas. Nau, who manipulates that instrument with wonderful skill and brings out the effectiveness of the music of Moody & Sankey's pleasing selections with great power. Seven young men requested the prayers of the Association.

IN THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Rev. Joseph Nesbitt, D. D., of Lock Haven, occupied the Presbyterian pulpit on Sunday morning and evening, and was listened to with much pleasure by large congregations. His morning discourse was from Exodus 25.22 It was on the subject of the Ark of the ancient Israelites and contained many useful and instructive lessons drawn from the worship which it symbolized.

In the evening he chose his words from the 4th verse of the 22d chapter of Revelation: "They shall see his face." It was full of spiritual power and earnestness.

IN THE LUTHERAN CHURCH.

Rev. Chas. T. Steck, of the Lutheran church, was also listened to with much pleasure and edification. His sermon in the morning was on a subject which for a very long time has been of intense interest to Christians. It was "The Sin against the Holy Ghost." His text was from Genesis 6:3, "My Spirit shall not always strive with man." His subject engrossed the undivided attention of the congregation and was not completed in a single sermon. The subject will be resumed in a future discourse, probably next Sunday morning. His evening sermon was on a par with preceding ones in ability and eloquence.

A MOTHER'S PRAYER ANSWERED.

We have not heard the subject of Rev. Dr. Monroe's morning discourse in the Methodist church. We are told that in the evening the vast auditorium of the church was crowded, even the aisles being filled. This means an assemblage of from 600 to 800 people. In this sermon was exhibited the vast reserve power of the excellent preacher. His subject was "An Answer to a Mother's Prayer." He took for his text I Samuel 1:27, "For this child I prayed; and the Lord hath given me my petition which I asked of him." It excelled in grand, impressive description and illustration, moving the multitude with impassioned earnestness. A great revival is in progress in that church.

—Centre Hall is to have a good entertainment hall. The *Centre County Times* states that the Foundry Hall is receiving the finishes from carpenter Aaron Thomas and painter D. F. Luse. The Hall can't be sneezed at when completed. It has a stage, will be furnished with chairs, and will be well lighted. It hopes that the Grand Army boys will soon give them first class entertainments, which always take.

A Week on the Road.

Our reporter was found meandering through Buffalo Run and Half Moon Valleys last week. Among other occurrences which he might note he takes occasion to say that he found a superfluity of mud and such quantities of rain fell as to make him feel as though he was subjecting himself to fine and imprisonment for cruelty to animals, especially to the quadruped which had the misfortune to share with him this not very agreeable drive. However, the good people of those valleys are of a kind disposition and the cravings of the mortal were satisfied at Mr. B. F. Blair's, at dinner time.

By ingenious manœuvering and an extra application of whalebone, he halted in front of Mr. Miles Mattern's just in time for supper (how strange!) Mr. Mattern and his good lady, who never forget the Divine injunction—"Be not forgetful to entertain strangers; for thereby some have entertained," etc. (and what an angel!) kindly housed him for the night. After driving through the very refreshing showers the following day till after eleven o'clock, Mr. W. G. Furst took pity him and fed his horse and gave him his dinner. Mr. Furst is an industrious tiller of the soil and a good Republican. After waiting until about 3 o'clock for the rain to cease he started out again and by nightfall, which was accompanied by a great deal of rainfall, he hung up his hat under the roof of our German friend, John Baudise. After the next day's drive through mud and water, and after he had attended the exercises at the G. A. R. hall at Stormstown, he was taken care of by Mr. Jacob Hicks.

The next night he was shielded from the wintry blasts by Mr. Robert Downing, of Loveville. He was very agreeably entertained by Mr. Downing and his family. By the way, Mr. Downing thinks of locating in one of the western states before long, and he will be obliged to sell his beautiful farm of 180 acres of as good land as there is in Half Moon Valley. Mr. Downing has a novelty in the way of springs. He has one under his porch with a pump in it, and one just outside the foundation wall that flows very strongly and furnishes an abundant supply of water for stock.

An Important Case.

The trial of the persons who broke the *Watchman* windows is not the only case of interest to come before the courts this week, but a case involving some very peculiar features will probably be tried. It is not because of the financial importance of the case that it is of interest, but because of the entirely new ruling of the justice of the peace before whom it first came and the dangerous precedent which would be established should his ruling be sustained in the trial in court.

Last March "Dode" Harper was riding through Boggs twp. when a fierce bulldog rushed from a yard and siezed his horse by the leg. The horse kicked and the dog ran inside the fence, coming out again with great fierceness as if determined to bite the horse severely. "Dode's" shot at the dog, killing it. The owner brought suit, and the justice gave the prosecutor $30 damages. This new ruling that seemed to indicate that a man could not protect his horse from a savage dog caused the city press to comment on it with surprise. "Dode" resolved to carry the case to court. We believe the prosecutor will endeavor to recover $75.

While it is eminently proper that every man should keep such dogs as he desires for pets, for hunting or to protect his property, the frequency with which sheep are killed by them, and the many cases of hydrophobia the past season from their bites is sufficient indication that many curs are worse than useless, and should lead us all to hope that the precedent that a man may not protect his life and property from dogs will not be sustained.

John Bird Kills a Bear.

Last week Messrs. Isaac Thomas, of this place, and John Bird and Lepo Bronoell, of Milesburg, went hunting and met with unusual success. They saw the tracks of two bears in the snow and John Bird was fortunate enough to track one of them and shoot it dead. So true was his aim that the first shot found a vital part and killed the huge animal. For safety's sake, however, he fired another shot into the bear before he approached very close to it. The three hunters then carried the bear, which weighed 250 pounds, from their hunting place to Milesburg. It is a magnificent specimen and is as fat as butter. Of course, Mr. Bird is very proud of his skill. The party saw the tracks of several deer and also another bear in the same locality and will go there again as soon as fresh snow falls. They expect to get enough bear meat to last all winter.

—Mr. Frank Miller, formerly of the Troubadours, is now managing an Uncle Tom's Cabin troupe in connection with Cal. Wagner. The company consists of seventeen people, all uniformed, and with a brass band and five blood hounds. They have a fine supply of appropriate scenery. We believe they will open on December 6. Mr. Miller understands the business thoroughly and will give a new impetus to good old Uncle Tom. He will endeavor to give Bellefonte a date. His present address is corner Willow Street and Pine Alley, Williamsport, Pa.

Personal Pencilings.

Mrs. Emmons is in Clinton county lecturing on temperance.

Mr. Joe Parsons has gone to Punxsutawney to give thanks.

We omitted to mention on Tuesday that Miss Morris and Miss Cleve, who have been visiting in Renovo, returned home on Monday evening.

Thos. H. Murray, Esq., of Clearfield county, transacted business in court Tuesday morning and, in the opinion of most listeners, he more than held his own in legal tilts with the members of the Centre county bar.

Israel Sternberg is about to join the Benedicts. This is literally true. We dont mean, however, that he is going to get married, but that he is ordered to report on the 1st of December in Washington, to join the ranks under command of Mr. Benedict, the new public printer.

—Mr. and Mrs. Harry Teats moved to Curwensville to-day, and Mr. T. will open a grocery store in that city. We regret the departure of these excellent people as they have been esteemed residents of Bellefonte for many years. Curwensville, however, will gain by their presence in that place. Mr. Teats is one of the most skillful and excellent grocers in the State of Pennsylvania. For many years he was with Mr. H. Sechler, when that gentleman conducted the only exclusively grocery business in Bellefonte. To Mr. T's active, wise and skillful efforts much of the early prestige of that store were due. Later Mr. Teats was in business for himself and for several months past he was with A. C. Moyer & Brother. The distinguishing characteristic of Mr. Teats is his neatness and cleanliness. Whatever store he is connected with must be as neat and tasteful as a coin fresh from the mint. Not a speck of dirt or a vestige of impurity is permitted to exist. Thus, he always attracts and retains the better class of custom. We earnestly recommend him and his agreeable wife to the good people of Curwensville and we predict that success will attend Mr. Teats' in his business enterprise.

A Series of Interesting Sermons.

It is the purpose of the Rev. D. S. Monroe, D. D., of the Methodist church, to begin the delivery of a new series of sermons next Sunday morning. These sermons will treat of such subjects as the doctrine of immortality, the future state, retribution, etc. They will include not only Biblical statements, but will also give the latest scientific views, incidentally touching upon evolution and Darwinism, upon all of which the Doctor is well informed. He will preach these sermons on Sunday mornings, because he knows that they are not on subjects so attractive to the popular mind as were the series on amusements which he delivered during the Summer, but are intended more especially for the studious and thoughtful person. His Sunday evening sermons will continue to be of a revival character with the hope that the Christian life already aroused may be not only maintained, but fired into more ardent zeal and earnestness.

Gregg Post Nominations.

On Saturday evening Gregg Post, G. A. R., of this place made the following nominations, the election to be held in two weeks:

Commander, J. I. Curtin.
S. V. Commander, Samuel Sheffer.
J. V. Commander, Samuel Gault.
Surgeon, James Fulton.
Captain, R. C. Irvin, Chas. Eckenroth, S. H. Griffith.
Officers of the Day, S. H. Williams.
Quarter Master, William Jones.
Officers of the Guard, William Garrett.
Ordinance Officer, Alex Draucher.
Trustee, H. H. Benner.
Delegates to Encampment, S. H. Williams, John Noll, Thos. Benner, Samuel Sheffer, Jno. C. Miller, Wm. Jones, R. C. Irvin.

School Report.

HUBLERSBURG, Nov. 20, '86.

Report of Centre school for the month ending Nov. 19, 1886:

Number of scholars enrolled—males 26, females 18. Per cent. of attendance during month: Males 93 per cent., females 95 per cent. The following scholars did not miss a day: William Harshberger, Charles Harshberger, Franklin Harshberger, Charles Decker, Peter Evers, Harry Stover, Harry Clevenstine, Harry Hockman, Charles Miller, Clara Weaver, Mary Weaver, Mable Gramley, Florence Harshberger, Clara Hockman.

S. H. SHOWERS, Teacher.

—Ex-Gov. Curtin, on Tuesday afternoon in open court, performed a duty which had been delegated to him by two seperate meetings of the Centre County Bar Association—one meeting held just after the death of James Mac. manus, Esq., and the other to take action in reference to the death of the late D. G. Bush, Esq. He presented to the court the actions of the Bar association taken at each of these meetings accompanying it in each instance with appropriate words of eulogy. His words were listened to by a large number of people.

—We regret to see that the New York *Evening Post* is still suffering from its chronic attack of Blaine-rabbies. This case is attracting wide spread attention from the fact that it is beyond the reach of Pasteur methods for the cure of rabbies, and there is no possible hope of recovery.

Personal Pencilings.

Mr. J. A. Hazel, of Spring township, was a caller on Saturday.

Mrs. Joseph Crotzer, of Centre Hall, is seriously ill of typhoid fever.

Col. D. S. Keller went west on Wednesday evening on the 4.22 o'clock train.

J. B. Solt, the celebrated fence man of Centre Hall, visited Bellefonte on Friday.

Father Koch, pastor of St. Agnes Catholic church, Lock Haven, has gone to Europe.

Mrs. Sankey, mother of H. P. Sankey of Potters Mills, is reported to be dangerously ill.

Rt. Rev. Bishop Rulison is expected to visit the Episcopal parish in this place on Friday, Dec. 3.

Rev. S. A. Taggart, State Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., made a brief visit in Bellefonte Friday.

Mr. Fred Martin, who was a resident of this place about eight years ago, is now visiting friends here.

Mr. James Milliken, after spending several week in Philadelphia and New York, is at home again.

Mr. Isaac Underwood, of Spring Mills, gave his Bellefonte friends the benefit of his agreeable presence on Monday.

Mr. Shires, of Potters Mills, called on Monday. He is an exceedingly agreeable gentleman and a good Republican.

The bread which Jacobs Bros' furnished their customers on Monday was excellent and everyone speaks highly of it.

Miss Laura Wright, daughter of Rev. W. O. Wright, of Milesburg, is engaged in teaching instrumental music in Houtzdale.

Samuel Musser, Esq., of Pennsylvania Furnace, was among the numerous agreeable gentlemen who spent Monday in Bellefonte.

Mr. and Mrs. Harris, of Philadelphia, are sojourning in Bellefonte among friends. Mrs. Harris was formerly Miss Louisa VanTries.

Col. A. Wilson Norris and Col. T. J. Stewart were at Port Royal, Juniata Co., on Thursday, attending a reunion of Juniata county veteran soldiers.

Rt. Rev. Dr. Rulison, Assistant Bishop of Central Pennsylvania, is announced to visit the Protestant Episcopal parish in Philipsburg on the 1st of December.

Major Harry Forster, recently of this place and now in the office of the secretary of internal affairs at Harrisburg, celebrated his 57th birthday a short time ago.

D. H. Yerger, of Snow Shoe, did not forget to call on us when he came to town on Monday. The latchstring of our office is always out to all our friends at all times.

Harry G. Solt, of Snow Shoe, is among the citizens of that highly elevated town who do not forget us. Harry is a very clever young man, and one whom we are always pleased to meet.

We notice that Paul Vosburg, of Tyrone, and formerly of this place, has been promoted to the position of confidential clerk for S. S. Blair, superintendent of the Tyrone devision of the Pennsylvania R. R.

Mr. H. C. Williams, editor of the Philipsburg *Ledger* went to Pittsburg this week and in his absence the *Ledger* was edited by his sister, Miss Annie V. Williams. The paper was as bright and spicy as usual.

Mr. J. D. Hennum, of Wilmington, Delaware, will take charge of Brockerhoff's flouring mill. Mr. Hennum is an experienced miller. The mill has been fitted up in the most modern style for making the best flour.

Miss Puella E. Dornblaser of Mackeyville, Clinton county, passed through town Friday morning. Since returning from the National W. C. T. U. convention in Minneapolis, she has been visiting friends in West Virginia.

Mr. Charles Cook is suffering from the effects of a fall he received about two years ago. One night he fell into a trench which was left open on Spring Street. His right arm has been disabled for ten days past. Apparently, his injuries were more serious than he at first supposed.

Mr. Irvin Speer made his first visit to Bellefonte on Saturday that he has made for several months. Irv. is engaged with the electric light company in Tyrone. He says that both the arc and incandescent lights as used in that place are perfect and that the most beautiful globes he ever saw are used in connection with the lights.

Died.

SHOPE.—In Snow Shoe, Pa., Nov. 13, 1886, John Walter, son of Aust. and Ellen Shope, aged 5 years, 6 months and 15 days.

Dearest Walter! How we miss you,
When our last day's work is done.
How we miss your fond caresses
At the setting of the sun.

It is hard for me at evening,
Never more to see you wait
With your smile and loving kisses
For your papa at the gate.

It is God who called you from us—
O, 'tis hard for us to bear;
But we hope to meet you, darling,
In God's bright home—"over there."

NELLIE HINTON.

MARRIED.

HAZLE—BRADLEY.—By Rev. Chas. T. Steck, of the Lutheran parsonage, Tuesday evening, the 16th inst., Mr. George Hazle, of Williamsport, and Anna H. Bradley, of Bellefonte Pa.